

THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,369, Vol. 53.

January 21, 1882.

[Registered for
Transmission abroad.]

Price 6d.

EGYPT.

ANY discussion of what is taking place, and has recently taken place, in Egypt is subject to the very serious drawback that accurate knowledge is impossible; that we have to trust solely to newspaper reports, and that these reports are manufactured very quickly, are often contradictory, and commit no one. What seems to be certain is, that on Sunday the 8th the Consuls-General of England and France waited on the KHEDIVÉ, and read to him the contents of an identical Note which they had been ordered by telegraph to lay before him. The KHEDIVÉ thanked the Consuls-General, but made no official reply. A day or two afterwards Sir E. MALET went by himself to the KHEDIVÉ, and stated that the object of the English Government in sending the Note was to show that it was working in harmony with the Ministry of M. GAMBETTA in Egyptian matters, as it had worked with the Ministries of M. GAMBETTA's numerous predecessors. Of the contents of the Note no authentic account has been given to the public. The importance and meaning of such documents turn very often on a phrase or a single word, and it is impossible to criticize fairly Lord GRANVILLE's language until we know what he really said. If the summaries of the Note given by newspaper correspondents are accurate, the two Powers distinctly pledged themselves to "prevent all causes of complications, interior or exterior, which might hurt the régime established in Egypt." This is no doubt a very strong pledge, and it may possibly have been given in the words reported; but Lord GRANVILLE generally writes very good English, and he must have been off his guard if he really talked of complications hurting a régime. The true text of the Note was of course telegraphed to Constantinople, and the Porte thought itself justified in telegraphing remonstrances to London and Paris. The Turkish AMBASSADOR in Paris saw M. GAMBETTA, but did not give him a copy of the telegraphic remonstrance, and listened, it is said, with gentle satisfaction to the assurance of M. GAMBETTA that the Note contained nothing new and meant nothing new. It would have been impossible to remonstrate in a gentler and smoother way. What has taken place in the English Foreign Office with regard to the Turkish remonstrance no one, not even newspaper correspondents, professes to know. No European Power seems as yet to have taken official cognizance of the Note, and what is said one day in foreign newspapers as to the views of their Governments is unsaid the next. In Egypt alone has the Note had any immediate and serious effect, and there unfortunately it has had an effect directly the opposite of that which it may be supposed it was intended to produce. It was presumably meant to frighten the turbulent spirits of the national party, and teach them that they must behave decently if they wished to avert intervention. Having their attention thus pointedly drawn to the subject, they have thought it carefully over, and have come to the conclusion that the threat of a joint intervention is a mere bugbear; that no one will punish them for producing complications that hurt the régime established in Egypt, and that the worse they behave the happier they will be.

It may be useful to call to mind that some little time ago Lord GRANVILLE wrote a despatch in which he said that England had no preference for one Egyptian Ministry over another, and wished to interfere in Egypt as little as possible, but must reserve its right to interfere

in case Egypt became a prey to anarchy. No one seemed to object to this; the Suzerain seemed to think it natural that an outsider should appear on the scene in case anarchy should disturb a Turkish province; the other Powers seemed to think English interference, under certain circumstances, quite natural and right. But France may have very excusably asked for an explanation, which we should certainly have asked from her if a statement like that made by Lord GRANVILLE had been made on the other side of the water. We have entered into a joint protectorate of Egypt with France, and constantly profess to wish to carry out our singular engagement towards France in a loyal and cordial spirit. When one of the joint protectors says that in case of anarchy he will interfere, the other seems to have a right to say that so will he, and to ask that this interference should be carried out in common. If France asked for a declaration to this effect, Lord GRANVILLE had no choice but to give it, or to put an end to the joint protectorate altogether. There is no reason so far to suppose that England has been pushed on or cajoled by France. It is rather England which, by taking the first step in advance, has forced France to assert its unquestionable claims to share in the protectorate. Why Lord GRANVILLE thought it necessary to telegraph in haste a statement which would naturally have formed a part of an ordinary, quiet, unostentatious diplomatic missive, and how he came to pledge himself to interfere in case of complications hurting a régime, if he did so pledge himself, we must wait to learn. The explanation given subsequently by Sir E. MALET of the meaning of the Note, and the reported assurances given by M. GAMBETTA to the Turkish AMBASSADOR, seem to make it probable that the intention of the parties was little more than to signify that the two protecting Powers would do what one of them had said it would do—interfere in case of anarchy. The joint Note would probably have attracted as little attention as the statement of Lord GRANVILLE had it not been for the Tunis expedition. Englishmen, the Porte, Egyptians, Italians, and every one else, look most justly and naturally with the deepest distrust on the prospect of France intervening in Egypt under any circumstances after the sad experiences of that disastrous undertaking. Misfortune makes strange bedfellows, but it would be a very great misfortune that made us lie down with the authors of an expedition begun with hypocrisy and carried on with brutality. Still Foreign Secretaries often cannot take cognizance of the bad way in which a thing is done, if they have no diplomatic ground to object to what is done. Lord GRANVILLE would not have been justified in saying that the joint protectorate of Egypt was at an end because the Tunis expedition had not been carried on to his taste; and if the joint protectorate was not at an end, the claim of one protector to interfere in case of anarchy seems as good as that of the other.

Even now intervention may be avoided. The surest way to make it unavoidable is to exaggerate everything, unfavourable in Egypt, and to keep up a feverish excitement about Egyptian affairs. Every day some such question is raised as whether there is a national party in Egypt, whether it has any respectable leaders, whether the Porte is fomenting or repressing its ambition, whether it wants anything more than the Controllers would give it, whether England and France had

not better buy up the rights of the SULTAN over Egypt. These are all very interesting questions; but it cannot be said that they are very pressing questions. We might hope that a little time would be given us to think over them. Unfortunately, this cannot be said of one question which seems to be very immediate and very pressing. Unless reports singularly consistent are mere fabrications, the insubordination of the army is daily increasing. The new UNDER-SECRETARY of WAR is unable to make his friends obey him better than he obeyed the KHEDEVE. Troops are urgently needed in the Soudan; but those that are told to go refuse to go. An officer is ordered to inspect quarantine arrangements; he flatly declines, and the dignity of the Ministry is only saved by a volunteer kindly offering to take his place. It was perhaps worth while to try whether the mere threat of an intervention would frighten the mutineers; but at any rate the experiment, if worth trying, seems to have failed. Anarchy has become a possibility that must be contemplated as it was contemplated by Lord GRANVILLE some weeks ago. The stream of things in Egypt sets towards anarchy with even greater distinctness than it did then. If an emergency arises, the English Government must do something. It cannot sit still, for it has pledged itself to interfere in case of anarchy. It cannot claim to interfere single-handed, for it is bound by its long-standing engagement to its co-protector. It cannot allow Turkey to interfere in its stead and in that of France, for England will never allow a country once under its protection to become the prey of the Turks. It can consistently with its pledges, but most utterly against the wishes of the country, join with the authors of the Tunis expedition in putting down Egyptian anarchy. This is no doubt the logical result of the situation; but it does not absolutely follow that it is the only course for the English Government to pursue. It may say that it will act, but only in concert with Europe, and not singly with France. That great instrument of good, the European concert, may be once more drawn out of its box and made to dance. There are great difficulties in this—the difficulties of delay, the difficulties of adjusting conflicting claims, the very great difficulties of managing Egypt in future under a too complicated system of joint intervention. But there are innumerable difficulties attending every possible course, and reflection may show that, among many dangerous courses, the least dangerous would be to call all the Great Powers and the Porte into council, not to discuss whether England should act or join in acting, but what is the best form and the prudent limit of her action.

CURRENT POLITICS.

THERE has been abundance of public speaking this week, chiefly on the Conservative side. The Session is drawing near, and no one knows what the Session may bring with it. Among other possibilities, there is the possibility of a dissolution, and those who are working on behalf of the Opposition naturally desire to lay the best possible foundations for success when the next electoral struggle begins. It was said, and probably with truth, that the last election showed that the elections are determined by the prevailing current of provincial thought, and that the thought of the provinces is something inscrutable to ignorant persons who have the misfortune to be in London. Recent experience has also shown that those who profess to understand provincial thought agree that the provinces, if they like anything more than another, like a good strong case—wholesale denunciation, tremendous invectives, endless repetitions. The Midlothian campaign revealed to both parties this great secret of success; and Lord LYTTON has now shown that he is quite prepared and thoroughly fit to profit by the lesson. He has made at Woodstock a speech which deserves to have a considerable influence on provincial thought. Abuse, more abuse, and then more abuse was poured out in an unceasing torrent for the guidance of provincial electors. The objection that in his speech there was nothing but abuse, and that he did not offer anything to instruct those who in a critical moment ask what it is that ought to be done, is irrelevant. Nor can it be expected that a speaker having it as his main object to influence provincial thought should

be scrupulously fair. It is not his business to be fair. It may be all very well for people in London to try to be fair, and to be content to be impotent. As triumphant Liberals pointed out at the time of the last elections, fairness and impotence go together in the provinces. It is the strong case that wins, and everything must be done to make the strong case as strong as possible. It requires a very small degree of impartiality in Liberals to recognize that Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government has given very many openings for successful attack, and an Opposition speaker is at liberty to captivate provincial thought by attacking without stint and without hesitation. Of course in the oratory of attack every speaker has his own style. Lord SALISBURY, for example, is perfectly willing to attack his opponents when occasion offers; and every one must allow that, when he attacks, he makes his attacks felt. But the style of Lord SALISBURY is very different from that of Lord LYTTON. He abuses, but he lights up his abuse by revealing the workings of his own mind. He contributes to the general stock of public thought on the subjects he handles. He condenses into epigrams conclusions up to which he has led his hearers and his readers. He adds novelty, and often an instructive novelty, to discussion. But different men work in different ways; and a party speaker may be helping his party in the constituencies when he merely repeats what has been said over and over again, but puts into his language all the passion and decorations he can command.

There are also Conservative speakers of an altogether different type. Among the leaders of the party there are many who, whether addressing Parliament or constituencies, are always moderate, sensible, and practical; and, perhaps, in spite of the mysterious vagaries of provincial thought, such men do more good to their party than is ordinarily supposed. If fairness, sense, and moderation are merits, it may be safely said that it would be difficult to find three better speeches than those recently made by Colonel STANLEY, Sir RICHARD CROSS, and Mr. GIBSON. If any one wishes to see how the subject of Parliamentary procedure may be approached by a speaker who knows the real needs of Parliament, and is alive at once to the necessity and the dangers of reform, he cannot do better than study the speech of Sir RICHARD CROSS. If he wishes to see a temperate, dispassionate dissection of the working of the Irish Land Act, he cannot do better than study the speech of Mr. GIBSON. Sir RICHARD CROSS most justly said that the obstruction which is now denounced—not the Irish obstruction designed to make Parliament ridiculous, but the obstruction designed as tending to make the Government powerless—is not of new growth. It was brought to the last stage of perfection by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, now that he is a Minister, complains that obstruction prevents his bringing out of their pigeon-holes at least a score of admirable Bills which would make the commercial world happy if he could but produce them. But Sir RICHARD CROSS, because he smarted under obstruction, is not going to defend it when it is turned against those who made him smart. There are changes in Parliamentary procedure which, in the opinion of men of both parties who have had long Parliamentary experience, would be beneficial; and as to most of them there is so close an agreement that they might be easily carried after a little discussion and a few compromises. No one, for example, seriously thinks that the rules of the House as to motions for adjournment are the best that could be devised. There is a second class of proposed changes which theoretically have much to commend them; but which are extremely difficult to work out practically. There are Bills which might be advantageously referred to a Committee other than the Committee of the whole House; but no one has as yet been able to show precisely what these Bills are, how the new Committees are to be constituted, and, above all, how these Committees would find hours enough for their work. Any practical suggestions on these heads would be received with a general readiness to listen to them. Proposals for a compulsory termination of debate stand on a different footing. It is much to be regretted that the days are gone by when important debates were closed after an honourable understanding between the leaders of both parties. But, if they are gone by, and cannot be recalled, it must not be supposed that an equally good result could be attained by a compulsory rule. There are three most serious objections to any such rule, and the House may be expected to give due weight to these objections before it adopts a compulsory

rule. In the first place, such a rule might give too great a power to the Ministry of the day. It might fetter Mr. CHAMBERLAIN too much when he is once more in opposition. In the next place, it would largely impair the weight which the decisions of the Commons have with the Lords. The minority in the Commons is under a Liberal Ministry almost sure to be the majority in the Lords, and the peers would be apt to feel and to say that it was only when a Bill reached their House that the opposition to it had anything like fair play. Lastly, a compulsory rule cannot possibly stop obstruction. Those who were not allowed to speak on one subject could find hundreds of other subjects on which no one could prevent their speaking. Some debate must always be allowed, and even a short debate on item after item of the Budget would make progress in public business impossible.

More attention than usual seems to be paid to the election which will shortly take place in the North Riding of Yorkshire. This is partly on account of the defection of great Whig proprietors from the Liberal party which it has revealed, and partly because the contest lies between a representative of the landlords and a representative of the tenant-farmers. The defection of Lord GREY is of no great moment; but that of Lord ZETLAND is of considerable importance, as it shows the current of thought beginning to prevail among hereditary Whigs. It is naturally thought very satisfactory by Conservatives that the most respectable of their opponents should join them; but a Conservative defeat would show that in these days it does not make much difference whether the great Whig landowners join the Conservative ranks or not. It must also be remarked that in our Parliamentary history there have always been political shiftings in leading families, and that some leading noblemen have been constantly going over or coming back, and that recently there have been secessions to the Liberals as well as from them. The contest in the North Riding would be entirely one of the ordinary political character if Mr. ROWLANDSON was only a Liberal. The Conservative candidate makes the usual attacks on his opponents, and the Liberal candidate makes the usual replies. So far as there is anything specially to distinguish the Conservative candidate, it is that not only is he a zealous protectionist and supports a duty on corn, but he has also arrived at the philosophic doctrine that protective duties do not increase the price of the protected article. Lord GREY, who sticks very faithfully to the elementary truths of political economy, will find the addition to his philosophy contributed by his new ally rather difficult to swallow. On agricultural questions there appears to be no difference of opinion between the candidates, as the Conservative has adopted almost completely the opinions of his opponent, which appear to be of a comparatively mild and inoffensive character. If the issue is not to be regarded as really a political one, but is merely whether the tenant-farmers are entitled to have one more representative of their class, it must be regarded as a very small one.

THE FRENCH REVISION SCHEME.

THE statement which M. GAMBETTA read to the Chamber of Deputies last Saturday is a singular example of political steering. Two opposing ideas have evidently been present to its author's mind during the labour of composition. He has wished to make the changes in the Constitution general enough not to show too plainly that revision would never have been proposed but for the difficulty of getting *Scrutin de liste* adopted in any other way, and he has also wished to make the changes introduced with this motive as little fundamental as possible. The preamble of the Bill insists, as M. GAMBETTA has often insisted before, that it will not be competent to the Congress to deal with any provisions of the Constitution which have not been expressly submitted to it by the two Chambers. The accuracy of this limitation has been vehemently disputed by M. CLÉMENTEAU and his friends, and the preamble does not say what would happen if the Congress were to disregard it and to revise the Constitution generally. Even if this length be not ventured on, the Legislature is under no analogous obligation. Though the Congress may not be competent to revise the Constitution, except in certain assigned particulars, every member of

the two Chambers may propose to make the list of these particulars longer than it is already. If the Extreme Left is anxious to see two out of the three public powers altogether abolished, and France left to the government of a single elective Assembly, there is nothing to prevent any private deputy from making the suggestion, and securing for it, by the aid of his friends, a very inconvenient amount of discussion.

The first clause of the Bill is concerned with the method of electing the two Chambers. A large part of the preliminary statement is devoted not to a defence of the changes it proposes to introduce, but to a justification of the Cabinet for not introducing more. One minority in the Chamber of Deputies would like to abolish the Senate altogether. Another minority wishes the provisions relating to the Senate to remain exactly what they are. M. GAMBETTA is anxious to show that both these minorities are equally in the wrong, and that the right thing to do is to keep the Senate in being, but to alter its construction and retrench its powers. In order to prove his point he has recourse to that treasure-house of convenient formulas, the Democratic Principle. It is in accordance with the Democratic Principle that there should be two Chambers; consequently he implores the Chamber of Deputies not to lay destroying hands upon the paragraph in the first article of the Constitution which assigns the legislative power to a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. But it is equally in accordance with the Democratic Principle that the Senate should be elected in a different way from that in which it is elected at present; consequently he implores the Chamber of Deputies to lay improving hands upon the paragraph in the same article which deals, by way of reference, with "the composition, the mode of nomination, and the attributes of the Second Chamber."

M. GAMBETTA does not propose to alter the arrangement by which every one of the 36,000 communes of France is represented in the Electoral College which nominates the Senators. The reason he gives for maintaining this provision will seem to many people to tell the other way. It is that, under the present system, not a single municipal councillor can be elected unless his political opinions are in harmony with those of the inhabitants of the commune. Considering how large a part of the work of the Municipal Council in a small French village is concerned with matters into which politics do not enter, it can hardly be convenient that the members should be chosen with exclusive reference to a particular piece of business which has to be transacted once in nine years. Probably, however, M. GAMBETTA's liking for the separate representation of each commune in the Electoral College is rather due to his appreciation of the strength of the love of local independence which in France contrives to co-exist with an equally strong passion for centralization. M. GAMBETTA is pledged, however, to alter something in the Constitution, so he proposes to alter the proportion in which the communes are represented. Instead of each commune returning one delegate, it will return one as at present, and one more for each additional 500 electors inscribed on its register. This will make no change in 32,630 communes; they will each as now return one delegate. But 2,560 will return two delegates, 470 will return three, and so on till we come to Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, which will return over a hundred delegates each, and to Paris, which will return 855. It will be seen that M. GAMBETTA abstains from proposing any change in the proportion of Senators to departments. The department of the Seine, for example, will have no more voting power in the Senate under the new arrangement than it has at present. The only difference will be that Paris will have an absolute predominance in the Electoral College of the department. It will be as if Middlesex and Cumberland each returned five members, and a Reform Bill were passed with a great deal of parade, not to give Middlesex more members than Cumberland, but to give London more votes than Barnet in the election of the members for Middlesex. Much the same course is taken with the Life Senators. In the days when every vote was important, and the Government might in any division be left in a minority in the Senate, there was a great deal of talk about the necessity of making the life members offer themselves for re-election to the two Chambers voting together. Now that M. GAMBETTA feels as safe in the Senate as in the Chamber of Deputies—if indeed he does not feel safer—he can afford to show mercy. The existing Life Senators are to be left alone on the express ground that some of them would have no chance of

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THE statement which M. GAMBETTA read to the Chamber of Deputies last Saturday is a singular example of political steering. Two opposing ideas have evidently been present to its author's mind during the labour of composition. He has wished to make the changes in the Constitution general enough not to show too plainly that revision would never have been proposed but for the difficulty of getting *Scrutin de liste* adopted in any other way, and he has also wished to make the changes introduced with this motive as little fundamental as possible. The preamble of the Bill insists, as M. GAMBETTA has often insisted before, that it will not be competent to the Congress to deal with any provisions of the Constitution which have not been expressly submitted to it by the two Chambers. The accuracy of this limitation has been vehemently disputed by M. CLÉMENCEAU and his friends, and the preamble does not say what would happen if the Congress were to disregard it and to revise the Constitution generally. Even if this length be not ventured on, the Legislature is under no analogous obligation. Though the Congress may not be competent to revise the Constitution, except in certain assigned particulars, every member of

the two Chambers may propose to make the list of these particulars longer than it is already. If the Extreme Left is anxious to see two out of the three public powers altogether abolished, and France left to the government of a single elective Assembly, there is nothing to prevent any private deputy from making the suggestion, and securing for it, by the aid of his friends, a very inconvenient amount of discussion.

The first clause of the Bill is concerned with the method of electing the two Chambers. A large part of the preliminary statement is devoted not to a defence of the changes it proposes to introduce, but to a justification of the Cabinet for not introducing more. One minority in the Chamber of Deputies would like to abolish the Senate altogether. Another minority wishes the provisions relating to the Senate to remain exactly what they are. M. GAMBETTA is anxious to show that both these minorities are equally in the wrong, and that the right thing to do is to keep the Senate in being, but to alter its construction and retrench its powers. In order to prove his point he has recourse to that treasure-house of convenient formulas, the Democratic Principle. It is in accordance with the Democratic Principle that there should be two Chambers; consequently he implores the Chamber of Deputies not to lay destroying hands upon the paragraph in the first article of the Constitution which assigns the legislative power to a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. But it is equally in accordance with the Democratic Principle that the Senate should be elected in a different way from that in which it is elected at present; consequently he implores the Chamber of Deputies to lay improving hands upon the paragraph in the same article which deals, by way of reference, with "the composition, the mode of nomination, and the attributes of the Second Chamber."

M. GAMBETTA does not propose to alter the arrangement by which every one of the 36,000 communes of France is represented in the Electoral College which nominates the Senators. The reason he gives for maintaining this provision will seem to many people to tell the other way. It is that, under the present system, not a single municipal councillor can be elected unless his political opinions are in harmony with those of the inhabitants of the commune. Considering how large a part of the work of the Municipal Council in a small French village is concerned with matters into which politics do not enter, it can hardly be convenient that the members should be chosen with exclusive reference to a particular piece of business which has to be transacted once in nine years. Probably, however, M. GAMBETTA'S liking for the separate representation of each commune in the Electoral College is rather due to his appreciation of the strength of the love of local independence which in France contrives to co-exist with an equally strong passion for centralization. M. GAMBETTA is pledged, however, to alter something in the Constitution, so he proposes to alter the proportion in which the communes are represented. Instead of each commune returning one delegate, it will return one as at present, and one more for each additional 500 electors inscribed on its register. This will make no change in 32,630 communes; they will each as now return one delegate. But 2,560 will return two delegates, 470 will return three, and so on till we come to Lyons, Marseilles, and Bordeaux, which will return over a hundred delegates each, and to Paris, which will return 855. It will be seen that M. GAMBETTA abstains from proposing any change in the proportion of Senators to departments. The department of the Seine, for example, will have no more voting power in the Senate under the new arrangement than it has at present. The only difference will be that Paris will have an absolute predominance in the Electoral College of the department. It will be as if Middlesex and Cumberland each returned five members, and a Reform Bill were passed with a great deal of parade, not to give Middlesex more members than Cumberland, but to give London more votes than Barnet in the election of the members for Middlesex. Much the same course is taken with the Life Senators. In the days when every vote was important, and the Government might in any division be left in a minority in the Senate, there was a great deal of talk about the necessity of making the life members offer themselves for re-election to the two Chambers voting together. Now that M. GAMBETTA feels as safe in the Senate as in the Chamber of Deputies—if indeed he does not feel safer—he can afford to show mercy. The existing Life Senators are to be left alone on the express ground that some of them would have no chance of

being re-elected, and that the Government does not wish to be hard on them. In future, however, there will be no Life Senators. Their place will be taken by seventy-five national Senators, elected by the two Chambers for the same term as the departmental Senators.

Even when to these proposals is added the more important one which relates to the amendment of money Bills by the Senate, the effect which the reading of them produces is a conviction that if this were all that the Constitutional Revision Bill provides for, it would never have been brought forward. A Minister who wishes to maintain and strengthen a new Constitution will be very shy of subjecting it to needless alteration. He will rather bear with it as it is than fly to the ills of revision. But the Constitutional Revision Bill does provide for something else. It proposes to insert in the article relating to the two Chambers a statement that the Chamber of Deputies shall be elected by *Scrutin de liste*. This is the real reason why the Bill has been introduced. M. GAMBETTA is not satisfied with the present Chamber, and he does not expect to be satisfied with any Chamber that the present mode of election will give him. The majority returned under *Scrutin d'arrondissement* might seem Republican enough for any one, but it is not Republican enough for M. GAMBETTA. At least, if it be Republican enough in point of quantity, its Republicanism is not of the right quality. If the deputies were elected by departments instead of by *arrondissements*, M. GAMBETTA thinks that he could count more confidently on their devotion. It must be supposed that he is right in this calculation, since his adversaries have worked it out with precisely the same result. The objection universally made to election by departments is that it would make a popular Government virtually omnipotent. With election by *arrondissements*, it is said, all manner of local feelings and interests have to be consulted; and the necessity of doing this throws the choice of the candidate upon the local party managers, who have to choose the men most likely to conciliate local opinion. With election by departments local opinion goes for nothing, because the feelings and interests of one *arrondissement* are neutralized by those of the rest. Consequently, the electors have nothing to think about except the political qualifications of the candidates; and upon this point they naturally look to the party leaders in Paris rather than to the party leaders in the constituency. It is intelligible enough, therefore, that M. GAMBETTA should prefer *Scrutin de liste* to *Scrutin d'arrondissement*. What is less intelligible is why this preference should be so strong as to lead him to prefer Opposition to office if he cannot obtain it. Still, M. GAMBETTA is not a man to act from mere caprice; and before pronouncing that he is staking too much upon this one throw, it will be prudent to wait to see what it is that he intends the throw to bring him.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW ON THE WHIGS.

EACH successive protest on behalf of plain Whig principles produces a more and more pathetic effect as it appears in the *Edinburgh Review*. The sometime organ of the Opposition in the early part of the century, of the triumphant reformers of 1832, of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and afterwards of Lord PALMERSTON, has a just claim to represent and express a respectable tradition. The immediate predecessor of the present editor died a member of a Whig Cabinet, in which at that time Mr. GLADSTONE, notwithstanding his personal distinction, had less influence than almost any other of his colleagues. The majority of the Ministers were much more inclined to follow the lead of Sir GEORGE LEWIS, while Lord PALMERSTON smilingly glanced at the key of the drawer or despatch-box in which he kept Mr. GLADSTONE's frequent and abortive resignations. The secret of the Whig stronghold was betrayed by Lord RUSSELL, whose revived passion for tinkering the Constitution had been checked by Lord PALMERSTON. The party would, as the result showed, have done wisely to gratify Lord RUSSELL's vanity, and at the same time to allow Mr. GLADSTONE to make his first sloop on the electoral sheepfold. The *Edinburgh Review* cannot bear to admit that he has since, under the influence of passion and political cupidity, entered on more ambitious flights.

In reluctant dracones
Egit amor dapis atque pugnae.

The greatest of modern political changes has consisted, not in the defeat of one party by another, but in the gradual establishment of the personal supremacy of a single statesman, who until middle life professed moderate opinions. The unprecedented extravagance of adulation which is now habitually addressed to Mr. GLADSTONE indicates the substitution of the direct despotism of the multitude for responsible Parliamentary government. Demagogues and aspirants to promotion vie with one another in degrading worship of the popular idol. Responsible counsellors or leaders of a party are less fulsome in their eulogies of chiefs whom they properly regard as the first among equals. CÆSAR and NAPOLEON contrived to obtain similar homage, and turned it to their own purposes.

In the midst of revolutionary changes of temper and of institutions, the veteran Whig of the *Edinburgh Review* vainly endeavours to persuade himself and his readers that the moderate section of the Liberal party is still dominant within its ranks. He says with much truth that the most searching criticisms of the economical and legal effect of the Irish Land Act have proceeded from Liberal statesmen and writers. "The Duke of ARGYLL, the Marquess of LANSDOWNE, and Earl GREY, all staunch Liberals, stated in their speeches last Session what Whig principles applicable to Ireland really are." But none of the three is in office, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN sits in the Cabinet as the representative of the remarkable doctrine that "there may be times when it is the highest duty of a Liberal Government to support and assert the law." In other words, Whig principles have become powerless, and there is no reason to expect that they will at any future time recover their influence. The great democratic constituencies which never cared for Whig principles are about to be indefinitely reinforced and multiplied. The opinions of thoughtful Whigs are probably unanimous in disapproval both of Mr. GLADSTONE's legislative policy and of his frequent and vague encouragements of spoliation and anarchy; but a judge lately in a single morning enfranchised a rabble which would outvote all the intelligent and conscientious Whigs in England. M. THIERS, as the Reviewer remembers, stated some years ago that France was *Centre Gauche*, or, by a liberal translation, Whig. The shortest-sighted of statesmen scarcely made a grosser prophetic blunder when he preferred the Republic as the system "which divides us the least." The Republic which was after the war acclaimed and welcomed in spite of ample warnings by English Liberals, has reduced the dynastic parties to helplessness and silence, and there is no longer a *Centre Gauche*, because policy and opinion have moved much further to the Left. M. THIERS never foresaw that, within a dozen years from the establishment of the Republic, the Church of the majority of Frenchmen would be officially insulted and systematically persecuted, and that the spirit and tendency of legislation would rapidly become more and more revolutionary. It was useless to warn optimists that there were no Republicans in France except Jacobins, and that the new institutions would be administered by their only genuine supporters. The apologist of the English *Centre Gauche* contends in vain that the community which never heartily cared for the Whigs has suddenly become enamoured of their cause when it is at the lowest.

One of the texts of the orthodox Whig discourse is taken from Mr. MILNER GASKELL's article on "The Position of the Whigs." The Reviewer will find, on a more careful perusal, that Mr. MILNER GASKELL's convictions and sympathies much resemble his own. The main difference is that the younger writer expresses with the candour of natural impatience the political despair which the *Edinburgh Review* is not yet prepared to avow. Both of them have made strenuous efforts to escape from the necessity of confessing final and ruinous failure. At the time of the last election Mr. GASKELL took an active and efficient part in the preliminary agitation and in the actual struggle; and the *Edinburgh Reviewer* strove to appease or anticipate alarm by enumerating the plain Whig principles which were to be affirmed by the return of a Liberal majority, although Mr. GLADSTONE neither cared nor pretended to care for the whole batch of constitutional doctrine or for any part of its contents. It is probable that nothing could have materially altered the result of that disastrous struggle; but Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers had a singular advantage in their opportunity of presenting to the constituencies issues of foreign policy

involving the alternative between peace and war. It is true that the settlement of Afghanistan had nothing to do with the domestic policy of England, which it nevertheless largely tended to determine. At the time of the election Mr. GLADSTONE seems not to have meditated any experiment in Irish legislation. As the Duke of ARGYLL has stated, no such measure was submitted to the Cabinet on the eve of the Session of 1880; and at that time it pleased Mr. GLADSTONE to denounce Lord BEACONSFIELD for his warning that the state of affairs was dangerous. The mischief began when, with inexcusable levity, in the midst of a debate the Minister suddenly proposed a Bill for limitation of evictions which raised the whole question of legislative confiscation of property. The scheme rapidly expanded into the Irish Land Bill, which in its logical consequences threatens the possession of any kind of real or personal property in the United Kingdom. That the great Whig landowners who sit in the present Cabinet should approve of the Irish Land Bill or of its later developments is absolutely incredible. The *Edinburgh Reviewer* says that, "if there be any members of the Administration who have allowed their better judgment on great questions of social order and the rights of property to yield to the exigencies of party interest, we can only say that we should have pursued a different course." It is hardly worth while to discuss the question whether Lord SPENCER, Lord KIMBERLEY, and Lord HARTINGTON approve of judicial rents and of the transfer of ownership from the landlord to the tenant. It is more to the purpose to observe that they may nevertheless have been right in allowing their general opinions to yield to the exigencies of party. One or two of their number seem to exceed the license of paradox, as when Lord RIFON gives a thousand pounds towards the expenses of a candidate representing the Farmers' Alliance; but it may be, on the whole, desirable that sincere and veteran Liberals should as long as possible co-operate with those who have succeeded to their name. For all that is known, Lord GRANVILLE and Lord KIMBERLEY may sometimes outvote Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, or delay Mr. GLADSTONE's acceptance of some new and flagrant project of robbery. The extent of the difference of opinion which divides the present members of the Cabinet has been forcibly expressed by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who at other times seemed to imply that his colleagues were approximately unanimous. For the purpose of expressing with proper smartness his alleged agreement with the Duke of ARGYLL on a certain question, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said that he valued their coincidence of opinion the more because on many other points they were widely separated. There is no reason to suppose that the Duke of ARGYLL has, in or out of office, at any time differed from his Whig colleagues, except on the question of the Irish Land Bill. It may, therefore, be conjectured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN differs from a large section of the Cabinet as strongly as from the Duke of ARGYLL. The moderate Liberals adhere to the plain old Whig principles; but there is reason to fear that, with his mobs and his caucuses at his back, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be as much stronger than his adversaries in votes as he is weaker in reason and justice.

THE LAND COURT APPEALS.

THE first group of appeals has been decided by the Irish Land Commissioners, and the result is sufficiently instructive. There were thirty-nine cases before the Commissioners. In twenty-six the judicial rent was confirmed; in one it was lowered still further; in eight it was raised, sometimes not inconsiderably. The remaining cases were cases in which the Sub-Commissioners had refused the application of tenants, and their decisions were confirmed. Thus in about twenty-five per cent. of the net list of cases the judicial rent has been increased, while the maintenance of it in the others depends on a general decision of the majority of the Commissioners—momentous, indeed, but fortunately not final. Whatever may be thought of the judgments delivered on this point by two of the three Land Commissioners at Belfast on Wednesday, it is at least satisfactory that the whole question will be finally settled in another Court, which—with no disrespect to the Land Commission—commands somewhat greater confidence than that tribunal itself. The interpretation of "HEALY'S

"clause" has been long seen to be the crucial point, and the fact that that clause was comparatively little discussed at the time of the passing of the measure has nothing in it that is very surprising. The form in which it was accepted by the Opposition critics in the House of Lords—the exclusion from liability to rent of all improvements made by the tenant or his predecessors, in title for which he or they had not been paid or otherwise compensated by the landlord—might well seem to even unfriendly censors to be as free from objection as any legal interference with the natural course of things could be. It did, in fact, little more than put into legal shape the actual practice of honourable landlords and sensible tenants. No good landlord would raise the rent on a tenant's improvements until the tenant had had an enjoyment of them sufficient to compensate him; no tenant in his senses would risk outlay on improvements unless he had a fair prospect of such enjoyment, and, if that was not sufficient, a corresponding decrease of rent for a time. Regarded in this light, the provision might seem one of the least objectionable in the whole Bill, inasmuch as it might prevent some hardship, check some imprudence, and redress some wrong, instead of, as certain other provisions were almost certain to do, acting in exactly the opposite direction. It was, however, seen very shortly that this was by no means the view of the proposer, nor that which the Land League and its sympathizers intended to contend for. It was upon this clause, now become a section of the Act, that Mr. PARNELL founded his celebrated theory of prairie value. If under the system, general though not universal in Ireland, by which the tenant is the chief improver, all improvements thus made by any predecessor in occupancy could be got to be recognized as made by predecessors in title of the actual occupier; if, further, the Land Commissioners could be induced to hold that a lease or a long uninterrupted tenancy at an unaltered rent was not compensation under the Act, in some cases at any rate the reduction to prairie value or something like it was a logical necessity.

The at first sight incomprehensible judgments of the Sub-Commissioners gradually began to suggest that this construction of HEALY'S clause, which had never been so much as hinted at in Parliament, and which most assuredly would not have been accepted there, was entertained seriously by those who were charged with the administration of the law in Ireland. Even so early as the CRAWFORD case the intention to ignore the general principle by which a leaseholder's improvements fall in to the freeholder at the expiration of the lease was evident, and in many other cases a deliberate confusion of predecessorship in occupancy with predecessorship in title was the only ground discoverable for the indiscriminate reductions of rent indulged in. The judgment of the Chief Commissioners was therefore anxiously expected, and it is sufficiently unsatisfactory. The assertion of the *Standard* Correspondent that private instructions had been given to the Sub-Commissioners on this matter of HEALY'S clause—an assertion which has been the subject of some curious and very inexplicit denials on the part both of its author and others—is certainly not rebutted by the judgment of Wednesday. Mr. Justice O'HAGAN, dividing the contentions of the counsel for the landlords into three heads, decided on all of them adversely to the landlords, and in favour of the widest application of the clause. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that he decided in favour of assuming that when Parliament said "title" it meant "occupancy," and that when it said "otherwise compensated" it meant nothing at all. Mr. Commissioner LITTON concurred, but Mr. Commissioner VERNON dissented from this in a few sentences showing his usual common sense and equitable judgment, though he was careful to affirm his inexperience in law. Fortunately, the Act reserves points of law (unless the Commissioners refuse to refer them) for the cognizance of the ordinary Court of Appeal consisting of trained judges, and to this Court, accordingly, HEALY'S clause will go. Upon the finding of the judges two things depend. The one is the allotment, to one or the other party, of an unknown fraction, which may be anything from Lord MONCK's estimate to Mr. PARNELL's—that is to say, from about a tenth to about fifteen-sixteenths of the value of the soil of Ireland. The other is the reputation of the Parliament of England for ability to manage the affairs of the nation. It is absolutely certain that not one member in ten who voted for HEALY'S clause intended to vote in effect that the owner of an acre of ground in Kensington should draw no

more rent from it than his ancestors might have done in 1783. The cases, it may be observed, are unaffected by any difference between England and Ireland, all important improvements in building leases being always made by the leaseholder. It is, if possible, more certain that not one such member in ten intended to estate the present holders of land in Ireland, irrespectively of tenant-right, Ulster custom, or anything else, in all improvements made by all their predecessors in tenancy, not title, except those in which the landlord could definitely prove acquisition for a consideration in money. It would be improper, since the point is under appeal, to criticize Mr. Justice O'HAGAN's law, but there is no impropriety in criticizing the practical result of his decision from a more general point of view. In his analysis of Mr. HOLMES's claims the Judge put the case of two tenants holding leases for the same term at the same rent. One improves, and at the expiration of his lease his rent is raised; the other does not, and his rent is left undisturbed. Mr. Justice O'HAGAN seems to consider this a *reductio ad absurdum*. On the contrary, those who take the opposite view to his have not the least objection to accept his case. If the improving tenant improves, it is because he sees in the period of enjoyment of those improvements secured to him a sufficient compensation for his outlay—an outlay, be it remembered, which would be inoperative without that which his landlord contributed, the improvable-ness of the land. He has this enjoyment, and the landlord for the term of the lease has none from what he has contributed. At the termination his turn comes, and comes perfectly fairly. The unimproving tenant, on the other hand, does not care to invest his money, and does not care to borrow, as it may be phrased, the improvable-ness or potentiality of increased profit from his landlord. Therefore he owes him nothing but the rent of the unimproved land, and justly pays nothing but that. In the whole question of improvements, and conspicuously in some remarks of Mr. LITTON's on this very occasion, it seems constantly to be forgotten that the improvable-ness of the land is as much an element of the improvement as the capital which the tenant applies to call it out of dormancy.

Of considerable but inferior interest were the questions of costs and of the publication of the valuer's estimates. As to the former, the decision of the Land Commissioners that, as a rule, costs in the Court of First Instance should not be given will meet with approval. The Land Act being passed, it is not desirable to discourage the application of tenants by saddling them with the whole costs, unless their application is glaringly frivolous; while the wholesale fixing of the costs of both sides on the landlords, with which the Sub-Commissioners have been chargeable, is utterly indefensible. The extreme variation of the valuers is not very surprising, but it is certainly instructive. The most obvious moral to be drawn from it is that of the utter folly of such pretended valuations as those in which the Sub-Commissioners have been indulging on their own account. If professional men of experience and reputation, who take trouble and time about their work, come to such different results, what chance is there that amateurs in a series of hop, skip, and jump surveys will, except by mere chance, hit the mark? The dice of Justice BRIDLEGOOSE may be suggested as likely to spare the Sub-Commissioners a good deal of trouble, and certain to give results quite as satisfactory as theirs. Their results have indeed been in most cases upheld. But as this upholding is avowedly subject to the opinion of the Court of Appeal on the all-important points of law referred to above, it does not perhaps much matter. The question has entered only on a further stage of suspense. None of the subjects on which the Commissioners' decision is final were touched in this judgment, though a point hardly less important than those sent to the Court above—the point involved in Professor BALDWIN's famous paradox of the value of a farm being its value in the hands of the actual tenant—was urged by the tenant's representative. What the Commissioners may say as to this—and they must say something sooner or later—will be most anxiously awaited, for from their judgment there is here no appeal. The words of Mr. LITTON, though not explicit, do not countenance Professor BALDWIN's preposterous remarks.

MR. CHILDERS AT PONTEFRACT.

MR. CHILDERS'S speech at Pontefract has only one fault. It reads a little too much like a description of the best of all possible armies. There are so many reasons why England is not likely to possess such a treasure that it is a little startling to hear that for some time past she has possessed it unawares. Even at Majuba Hill, Mr. CHILDERS says, the troops were all that they ought to have been. They were twenty-seven years old, they had served seven years, and half of them had marched from Cabul to Candahar with Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS. Majuba Hill, therefore, should be one of the proudest recollections of the British army. It is cruel in Mr. CHILDERS to leave the fact that it does not quite answer to this description entirely unexplained. He has dispelled a mistaken belief, but he has simply set up universal scepticism in the room of it. Is it a matter of pure chance whether the English army behaves well or ill? So long as the disaster at Majuba Hill could be explained by the age of the troops, it was possible to guard against a repetition of it. How is this to be done now that it is known that our best troops were engaged there? It is to be hoped that the SECRETARY of STATE is better acquainted with the causes of the defeat than he thought it wise to admit at a public meeting.

Mr. CHILDERS gave a long list of improvements which are now being effected in the army. The most valuable of these will probably be the change in the position of the non-commissioned officers. The way in which the English army is officered makes the non-commissioned officer an exceptionally important element in the service. Under the short-service system he was pretty well dying out. One soldier continued to be called corporal and another private; but, in point of experience or qualification, there was little to choose between them. The places on the non-commissioned staff had to be filled up as they fell vacant; but the men to fill them were not to be found. A good non-commissioned officer should be something more than a smart young fellow who has done well in the regimental school. He should have training and military knowledge, and that length of service which earns the respect of younger men. If he has not seen actual fighting, he should at least have talked with those who have seen it, and have stored up in his mind the traditions of past campaigns. Under short service, before a man had had a chance of doing this, he had passed into the Reserve; and, whatever other advantages a Reserve may have, it is not a school for non-commissioned officers. The improvements lately effected in the condition of non-commissioned officers have already brought about some useful results. They are encouraged to serve their full time, instead of being sent off to the Reserve just when they are beginning to be useful; their pay and pensions are calculated on a more liberal scale; and they may be promoted to be warrant officers—a rank intermediate between those who do and those who do not hold the QUEEN'S commission. Mr. CHILDERS thinks that the improvement in recruiting which has lately set in is in part owing to these alterations. No doubt, if the quality of the men who join the army is to be permanently raised, it must be by offering the recruit something of a career. Under short service he cannot have this as a private, but he may have it as a non-commissioned officer. At all events, whether from this cause or not, Mr. CHILDERS says that we are now getting more men and better men. He has thus been able to pass men more quickly into the Reserve, and so to make the advantages which short service holds out to a young man more widely known. We should have liked to have heard something about the working of the recent changes in the opposite direction. The further shortening of the period of service with the colours at home has been accompanied by a provision for lengthening it in the case of service in India. If a proper supply of trained soldiers is kept where it is really wanted, we can afford to pass recruits more rapidly through the military mill when there is no immediate call for them.

Mr. CHILDERS makes the best defence he can for the changes in the nomenclature of the British regiments. Localization, he says, has had its effect. Recruits do come in constantly increasing numbers from the counties in which their regiments are titularly associated. The most striking example of this process is that mentioned by Colonel JORDAN the other day. The second battalion of

the Berkshire regiment now contains 429 Berkshire men, and in a very short time it will contain nothing else. The effect of this upon recruiting ought to be considerable. A young man who joins a regiment made up entirely of men of his own county is sure to meet some one that he knows, and to have common objects of interest with those whom he does not know. What Mr. CHILDERS does not succeed in proving is the necessity of giving local regiments exclusively local names. No doubt the case, as he states it, presented difficulties. When two regiments of the line and one or two regiments of Militia became battalions of a single consolidated regiment, it was undoubtedly hard to say what the newly-formed regiment was to be called. Mr. CHILDERS says that the one point upon which he found all officers agreed was in disliking to take the number of another regiment. It is doubtful, however, whether this dislike would have been felt when the number taken belonged to a regiment much more distinguished than their own, and it is only in the case of really distinguished regiments that it would have been worth while to preserve a number. All that need have been done was to give such regiments the right of calling themselves by their old number, just as certain regiments have been given the right of calling themselves by their old names. That numbers were not thought much of a century ago is hardly to the purpose. The Peninsular war was the great harvest of distinction for the English army, and the chief recollections that gather round particular regimental numbers mostly had their origin in that prolonged struggle. Mr. CHILDERS admits that in some cases the officers of a regiment—and probably the soldiers also—did greatly wish to keep their numbers. That wish is plainly one which it would have been well to have acceded to if possible; and in the limited and exceptional way just suggested it might have been found possible.

It is satisfactory to find that Mr. CHILDERS is fully alive to the vices of compulsory retirement. It is an evil, he says, "the most dangerous to the efficiency of an officer of any that can be imagined." To turn a man loose on a small pension at the age of forty is to fill the country with a whole tribe of discontented, because compulsory, idlers. In presence of the enormous difficulty of securing something like a flow of promotion, it is hardly fair to speak of this system quite as it deserves; but there cannot be two opinions as to the benefit that will accrue to the service from any workable plan for arriving at the same result by another road. Since the 1st of July, Mr. CHILDERS tells us, sixty-four officers have been saved from compulsory retirement, of whom forty-eight have been restored to regimental duty. If compulsory retirement must be applied at all, it should be at the other end of the list. Mr. CHILDERS has been busy in this direction, since he has succeeded in reducing the "active list" of general officers by nearly half. Upon the most valuable, perhaps, of all the reforms which he hopes to introduce he was almost silent. We have not yet, it seems, got the long promised First Army Corps. The twenty-four battalions, sixteen at home and eight in the Mediterranean, which are always to be maintained at their full numbers and in a state of perfect efficiency, are still things to be hoped for in the future, not enjoyed in the present. Battalions of this strength, says Mr. CHILDERS, "cannot be improvised in a day"—the "day" was supposed, if we remember right, to have begun as long ago as the time of Mr. GATHORNE HARDY—and the difficulty has been increased by the demands that Ireland has recently made on the War Office. Mr. CHILDERS seems to say that some progress is being made towards obtaining "this most necessary weapon," and he promises not to rest until it is ready. So long as we are without it we can hardly be said to have an army at all; and, if money has anything to do with it, any expenditure that would hasten its creation ought to be provided for in the next Army Estimates.

THE APOLOGISTS OF JEW-BAITING.

DURING the past week a very curious spectacle has been seen in England. The abominable outrages to which for months past the Jews of Russia have been subject had been laid bare, and it could only be supposed that the national conscience, of which so much has been heard of late years, would be thoroughly aroused. To do the national conscience justice, it has answered to the call, not

indeed with all that enthusiasm which might have been expected, but with a certain unanimity. The Bishop of OXFORD and Lord SHAFTESBURY—persons not usually found cheek by jowl—have joined in demanding, if not exactly vengeance, at any rate protest and succour. Dr. MACKARNES has even gone further, and, with a candour which cannot be too highly praised, has avowed that five years ago he allowed himself to be hoodwinked by the most flimsy of hoods. It must be acknowledged that the political leaders of the agitation of 1876 have not bestirred themselves very manfully against this new atrocity, but they have the full excuse of certain prototypes of theirs. They have married a wife—the Government of England—and therefore they cannot come. It is not, indeed, to be supposed that the occupations of a Ministry should give that time for attention to the casual sufferings of humanity which was afforded by the leisure of Opposition. As for the organs of the party in the London press, their conduct has been diverse. The morning organ of the Radical party has with sufficient frankness expressed its abhorrence of outrages, whether they be Turk or Tartar. The evening exponent of a yet more pronounced Radicalism has done the same, though it has been ill-advised enough to raise a plaintive cry against the injustice of supposing that Mr. GLADSTONE in office ought to be governed by the same principles as Mr. GLADSTONE out of it. It has been reserved for a weekly contemporary, the chief bulwark of a policy which is nothing if not moral, to suggest to "cultivated Jews" that they had better "for the future perceive that their interest can never lie in massacre and outrage," to remind them that they "unanimously all through Europe defended the Turks," and to inform them that they "now see what letting loose savagery means." "The one brother has eaten sour grapes, and the other's teeth are set on edge" is apparently the last word of the moral politician.

Irresponsible writers have, of course, a rather wider range than those who have at least a certain regular audience to consider; and it is to such writers that recourse must be had for the development of the line of reasoning succinctly indicated by the *Spectator*. The most remarkable exponents of this argument are three—a correspondent of the *Times* with the well-known signature "O. K.," and two correspondents of the *Daily News*, who sign themselves "R." and "A German." The letter of "O. K." presents certain difficulties to the commentator. On the one hand, common fame declares "O. K." to be a lady, and as such exempt from criticism on the score of logical ineptitude. On the other, the letter itself, considering what is the nature and character of the outrages complained of, makes it apparently impossible that any woman should have written such a document. The difficulty is grave, but it is interesting to see even under such circumstances what is the natural result of the arguments of the English journalist already cited. "O. K." remarks that Englishmen who object to wholesale rape, murder, and pillage have "lost their sense of the ridiculous"; that there are two kinds of Jews in Russia, as indeed there are, in the proportion, as all students of the subject knew before Dr. ADLER's rejoinder, of about a thousand to one; that the one was not molested (he happens, by the way, to live quite out of the sphere of the riots); and that (this is the final argument, due no doubt to the suggestion of our contemporary) the advantage of convincing the Jews that massacre is not a good thing is a compensation for the massacres themselves. After this remarkable epistle those of "R." and the "German" are comparatively commonplace. "R." says that the Russian peasant is "an improvident creature," and that the Jews are usurious. The first statement seems erroneous, for apparently the Russian peasant is provident enough to murder his creditor in order to avoid payment of his debts, and to exact a consideration for his sufferings under usury in compensatory forms which need not be further described. "A German" says that the Jews are very clever, that they buy all the opera tickets and edit all the papers, and that wherever they go they will "know how to recoup themselves for their losses." Among the authors of this exceedingly edifying series of pleas there is one name missed, and that is Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's. Considering that, as Dr. ADLER informs the world, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's extraordinary outbursts against the Jews have been quoted in the Russian papers as indications that

England was on the side of Jew-baiting, it is surprising that he has not yet vouchsafed a *Nunc dimittis* to return thanks for the realization of his hopes. The position which he occupies is meanwhile a little curious. In Russia he is taken as an exponent of thorough English sentiment. In Canada he devotes himself as far as may be to depriving England of her most important possession but one. A combined admiration for Jew-baiting and democracy may deserve some praise as a very courageous attempt to maintain a reputation for eccentricity if not for ability.

Politicians with whom politics is not a mere synonym for faction must be excused from endeavouring to reconcile the contradictions of such a state of things as is presented by these apologies for Jew-baiting. The *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Spectator* may be left to fight out the question whether it is more wicked to demand that Mr. GLADSTONE shall not keep silence as to the outrages in the Ukraine, or to throw in the teeth of the Jews that they are only getting as good as they gave some years ago. The political morality which puts so many rapes and murders in Bulgaria in one side of the balance and so many murders and rapes in Russia in another, and adjudges the palm to the Czar or the SULTAN according to the turn of the scale, is too wonderful and excellent for ordinary folk. The political blindness which compares the case of a powerful nation, at perfect peace, in full possession of all its executive instruments, and free from the least shadow of foreign interference, with that of a State on its last legs, harassed by the rebellion of feudatories, by internal revolt, by threatening foreign demonstrations on the frontier, by endless interference of nominally friendly Powers, is, if anything, more wonderful still. But there is no need to enter into these intricacies. The one thing that is plain is that atrocities in Turkey and atrocities in Russia stand on the same footing, whatever that footing may be. If such things are a mere incidental disease in the municipal life of a nation, then the Bulgarian agitation was a "flagitious attempt to make party capital out of 'humanity'—the words are those of the *Pall Mall Gazette* in reference to the present discussion. If the harrying of large numbers of peaceable citizens for no crime except that they are less stupid and less lazy than their fellow-citizens—and this is the only excuse brought forward by all the apologists of Jew-baiting—is an international as well as a national crime, then it behoves Mr. GLADSTONE to assume, not perhaps the same attitude as he did in reference to Turkey (for his defenders may be granted their *chicane* about the responsibility of England for Turkish rule), but the same attitude as he did in reference to Naples. It behoves him to emphasize that attitude far more strongly, because the wrong in the case of Russia is infinitely greater than it was in the case of Naples, where, as in Turkey, there was at any rate some pretence of political misdemeanour on the part of the sufferers. Out of this dilemma there is no escape, and it is a hard saying that it is not to be put because it is troublesome to the party which happens to be in power. Those who argue in this fashion simply echo, though no doubt without intending it, the shameless arguments of the Germans and Russians, who, in their terror of Jewish competition, frankly apologize for outrage and murder.

THE LONDON WATER COMPANIES.

THE controversy between Sir EDMUND BECKETT and Mr. FIRTH as to the claims of the London Water Companies on the London ratepayers has yielded some excellent examples of good downright abuse. Sir EDMUND BECKETT habitually describes those who differ from him upon this question as robbers or lunatics. They are robbers if they propose to buy up the Companies' rights at any lower price than that which Mr. SMITH proposed to pay for them. They are lunatics if they think that under any conceivable circumstances London could be supplied with drinking water from any other source than the Thames and the Lea. It is painful to find that on this theory even the late Home Secretary was a brigand in wish and intention, though under the providential guidance of Mr. SMITH he became an honest man in act. On the 30th of August, 1879, Sir RICHARD CROSS, as quoted by Mr. FIRTH, told the Water Companies in the plainest possible terms that the Government would take over their stocks at the price which they had fetched

on a particular day—say the last day of the then last half-year. No speculative change in the value of the stocks would have the smallest weight with the Government. On the day in question, Mr. FIRTH tells us, the market price of the shares of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company was 1,068,624*l.*, and the market price of the shares of the Chelsea Company was 923,000*l.* Under the agreements subsequently made by Mr. SMITH, 2,734,000*l.* was to be paid to the Southwark and Vauxhall Company and 1,743,000*l.* to the Chelsea Company. The difference between these figures represents the rise in the value of the shares which had taken place after the date first fixed by Sir RICHARD CROSS. In spite of his disclaimer, therefore, this "speculative change in the value of the stocks" did have very great weight with the Government. If it had not had this weight, the Government would have been committed in Sir EDMUND BECKETT's judgment to a scheme of sheer confiscation. Upon what a thread, do the chances of human virtue run! But for the apostolic persuasiveness of Mr. SMITH, Sir RICHARD CROSS might have anticipated Mr. GLADSTONE in handsomely endowing one class at the expense of another. Sir EDMUND BECKETT would have been better advised if he had simply condemned the notion of fixing a time before the intentions of the Government were known or suspected as the date on which the value of the Companies' shares were to be calculated. He prefers, however, to describe the particular fallacy by which Sir RICHARD CROSS was misled. The late Home Secretary supposed that, if the price of a single share were multiplied by the number or value of the shares, the result would give the market value of the whole property. This is altogether a mistake. There has never been much dealing, it seems, in Water Companies' shares, and as a consequence of this the price of one share can be no guide to the price of another. "I have a legal right," says Sir EDMUND BECKETT, "to go into a shop and demand an article ticketed in the 'window at that price. But that gives me no right, legal 'or moral, to go into the next shop and demand a similar 'article at that price from a man who does not want to 'sell it.' Where a Water Company is concerned, the ticket in the window is the price named in the share list of the day. But all that can be gathered from this is that a particular shareholder is willing to sell his shares at that price, or that a particular buyer is willing to give that price for them. Nothing must be inferred from it, according to Sir EDMUND BECKETT, as to the price which the remainder of the shares ought to fetch. That must be taken as equal to the price which would tempt an unwilling vendor to sell. Under these circumstances we can only wonder at the moderation displayed by the Water Companies in accepting Mr. SMITH's terms. They would have been justified, in their character of unwilling sellers, in asking any sum they might choose. They were modestly content to charge a hundred and fifty per cent. or so above the market price of the shares actually sold on a particular day.

Sir EDMUND BECKETT's lunatic asylum for civil engineers is as respectably filled as his house of correction for politicians. If he has a Secretary of State in the one, he has Sir J. BAZALGETTE, Sir F. J. BRAMWELL, and Mr. EDWARD EASTON in the other. Not five years ago, it appears, these madmen committed themselves to a scheme for drawing 16,000,000 gallons of water daily from the chalk districts near London, and thus supplying the inhabitants with water for drinking and cooking "of the purest, brightest, 'and most palatable and wholesome character." This water was to be pumped into covered reservoirs constructed on the high ground to the North and South of London, and to be distributed thence to every house in London by mains laid under the footpaths, and so not interfering with the existing mains underneath the roadways. These 16,000,000 gallons daily would, they estimated, furnish an ample supply, not merely for drinking and cooking, but for the extinction of fires—a work for which water supplied at the present pressure is quite inadequate. On this plan the Thames and the Lea would remain as the source of supply for the enormous quantity of water daily required for other purposes. The other schemes that have from time to time been suggested for supplying London with water have ignored this distinction between the uses to which water is applied. If there were difficulties in obtaining from the chalk the 16,000,000 gallons needed for the specific purposes just mentioned, it might be worth while to reconsider these plans, after the diminution of the

quantity required for all other purposes than drinking, cooking, and fire extinction, had brought the estimated outlay within much more moderate limits.

The two points upon which the public really wish to be informed are neither of them of a very recondite character. They are, first, what are the precise claims which the Water Companies have upon the ratepayers of London; and, next, what are the prospects of an alternative supply to that at present in use? It is not contended, even by Sir EDMUND BECKETT, that the ratepayers are precluded from providing themselves with water other than that furnished by the Companies, so long as it be not drawn from the Thames or the Lea. The rest of England and Wales is still open to them. What the Companies have bought is, not the indefeasible right of supplying London with water, but the indefeasible right of supplying it with water from these two rivers. If, therefore, the alternative scheme described by Mr. FIRTH is still practicable, or if any other of the schemes from time to time proposed should turn out to have real promise in them, the position of the ratepayers in bargaining with the Water Companies would be greatly improved. Sir EDMUND BECKETT says that they must now be paid a great deal more than Mr. SMITH offered. But he bases this on the assumption that the Companies enjoy an absolute monopoly. No water, he assumes, is to be had from any source except the Thames or the Lea, and no one except the Companies can draw any water from these sources. If it should turn out that these rivers do not at all exhaust the means of getting water, and that if the Companies ask an unreasonable sum for their property, the ratepayers will have nothing to do except to carry out some one or more of the rival plans offered for their acceptance, it will plainly be to the interest of the Companies to lessen their demands. They cannot expect the ratepayers to pay more for the water they now have than they would have to pay for better water. On the other hand, the search for better water would be made with greater or less zeal according as the price which the Companies have a legal or moral right to charge for their undertakings is excessive or moderate. Which of these it may be expected to be will depend in the first instance upon the interpretation put upon the terms originally made with them by Parliament. If Parliament made a bad bargain, as Sir EDMUND BECKETT assures us it did, the ratepayers of London will have either to find other sources of supply or to pay whatever the Companies are empowered by law to ask for the use of the present sources. But before this is taken for granted we ought at all events to have a judicial opinion upon the terms of the bargain. Until there is a general agreement as to what it is that Parliament stands pledged to, there can be no really intelligent dealing either with the Companies or outside them.

THE LOG OF THE ARK.

NOT very long ago the public were excited by Mr. George Smith's discovery of Chaldean documents containing an account of the Deluge. We do not precisely know how scholars translate these documents at present, but in the version first offered to the world the resemblances between the Biblical narrative and the Chaldean legend were certainly striking. But what was Mr. Smith's discovery to that of Mr. Rassam? On Monday Mr. Rassam gave the Victoria Institute an account of a most extraordinary "find," which leaves that of the grave of Agamemnon nowhere in historical interest. Mr. Rassam has found inscribed cylinders in the city where, "according to tradition, Noah buried the antediluvian records." Here the members of the Victoria Institute cheered, and we do not wonder at it. If Mr. Rassam has really hit on some relics of the books mentioned in the famous tract *De Bibliothecis Antediluvianis*, still more if he has brought to light the actual log of the Ark, he is the most fortunate archaeologist of our time. But, as the explorer does not read Assyrian or Accadian, we must wait till Professor Sayce or M. Oppert finds leisure to decipher the log of the Ark; and we do hope that this time there may be some agreement between translators. Assyrian are too much in the condition of Aryan records, and in the Vedas one school of philologists translates a word "goat" where another school reads "immortal soul." This is puzzling to the mere anthropologist, and we trust that science will be more in harmony about the meaning of Mr. Rassam's new records of the past. But we must explain how Mr. Rassam came to find these ancient fragments of geographical literature. In March last an Arab told Mr. Rassam that he knew of an old city within fifteen miles of the town where he was. The two explorers set out, and, quite casually and incidentally, discovered a ruin three miles in circumference. But this was the wrong buried city; the right one was further on. The

Arab then led Mr. Rassam to the right city, where Mr. Rassam, by dint of digging, did not find anything of interest. He returned to the ruins of the nearer city, and there, under the asphalt floor of a room, he found an inscribed coffer, and in the coffer inscribed cylinders, "which are supposed to be the records of the oldest city in the world, founded, as historians tell us, by Noah, after the Deluge, and where, according to tradition, Noah buried the antediluvian records." We do not know to what "historians" Mr. Rassam refers; but about the tradition that documents were buried after the Deluge there can be no doubt. We do not share Mr. Rassam's belief that he may possibly have found them.

The Deluge is one of the most remarkable of human traditions. We shall soon see that it is a tradition of almost universal diffusion. In this it only resembles many stories which are obviously mere myths that naturally suggested themselves to the savage mind in its search for explanations of the universe. But it is scarcely possible, at any rate for civilized men, to see any imaginative necessity for inventing the story of a Flood which drowned almost all the world except a few persons. Still more difficult is it to find any imaginative necessity for that common, though not universal, part of the tradition which assigns a moral reason for the Deluge, the wrath of superior powers against the wickedness of men. On the other hand, traces of a Universal Deluge do not seem to be discovered by geologists; while, if we imagine man to have spread from one comparatively small local centre, once absolutely submerged by a cataclysm, it seems strange that the memory of the event should have endured among a race so careless, for example, as the Australian black-fellows. If we attempt to explain the tradition (where it exists outside of the range of Biblical and Oriental influence) as only one of many accounts of abortive creations destroyed by the Gods on account of their imperfection, we are still puzzled by the close similarity amidst discrepancies of the tradition. While we must always remember that the teaching of missionaries has almost beyond doubt coloured the native tradition in some quarters of the world, it must also be remembered that the tradition is perpetuated in widely sundered lands by mystic rites and ceremonies. Lucian mentions a notable example in his *De Dea Syria*; Catlin found similar rites commemorative of a Deluge among the Mandans. Pausanias noted a like ceremony for the same purpose at Athens (I. xviii. 7, 8), and only last year the Cyprian newspapers gave a full account of diluvian rites perpetuated in Cyprus. Facts like these led Boulanger in the last century to the opinion that man had really existed in a period of mighty cataclysms, and that the rites of early religions were chiefly intended to propitiate the Gods, and induce them never again to drown the world. Modern inquirers have their choice between Boulanger's view; the theory that there is an imaginative necessity (by no means apparent) for the invention of a story of a Deluge; the hypothesis that small local floods everywhere produced the same tradition; or the belief that savage legends of the Deluge are post-Noachian, and are memories, often distorted and degraded, of the real event recorded in Genesis.

M. Lenormant has lately published, we believe, a book on the Deluge; but, as it has not come into our hands, we are obliged to use the papers which he contributed to the *Contemporary Review* on this topic. M. Lenormant believes that the Chaldean story, known to every one from Mr. George Smith's book, has influenced the Aryan account of the Deluge. We know the Chaldean account first through Berosus, who had access to Babylonian records, and whose own fragments have been handed down through Eusebius. According to Berosus, a God appeared to Xisuthros in a dream, prophesied the Flood, and bade him bury sacred records (perhaps those disinterred by Mr. Rassam) in the City of the Sun at Sippara. Then Xisuthros, with his friends and a number of animals, were to enter a vessel and "steer towards the Gods." The Flood came; Xisuthros, like Noah, released birds to report on the weather; the crew landed, Xisuthros disappeared, and the crew (alas for Mr. Rassam!) were bidden to disinter and publish the buried records. They did this, and restored Babylon. The original Chaldean tables of Mr. George Smith name very minutely the size of the vessel to be used, tell of the terror of the Gods, give the ritual of sacrifice, and mention that the Gods in future determined to use plague, not flood, as a means of reducing the surplus population. The Aryan legend of the Flood we find first in the Satapatha Brahmana. The story has more savage elements than the Chaldean legend. In savage myths animals play the parts assigned by more polished races to Gods. It was a little fish, gifted with remarkable powers of rapid growth, not a God, which foretold the Deluge to Manu. The same fish guided and protected him during his voyage through the waters of the Flood. Being left alone when all men were drowned, Manu produced a woman out of the oblations of sacrifice. By her Manu became the father of all men born. Now M. Lenormant holds that this legend is a Chaldean or Semitic importation. We cannot see that he makes out his point. There is a God in the Chaldean, a big fish in the Aryan, story. But M. Lenormant says that the God of the Chaldean legend is a fish-shaped God. To this we may reply that the Brahmana says nothing about God at all; the theory that the fish was a God is much later, and, in the Mahabharata and the Vishnu Purana is probably the mere hypothesis by which a more advanced people, accustomed to the idea of Gods, explained the old savage legend about a wonderful fish. The process by which Theriomorphic become Anthropomorphic Gods is quite sufficiently illustrated in early

religions. Among some American races, the coyote, or prairie wolf, plays the part which the fish takes in Aryan tradition. A fish is "the more natural beast of the two," as Sir Percival said when he saw the lion fighting the serpent, in a story about a Deluge. By the time that the legend has filtered through Indian fancy down to the late Bhagavata Purana, Manu, like Xisuthros in the Chaldean story, is told to bury the sacred writings, to keep them out of the way of a certain sea-horse, which had a devouring taste for literature. This certainly looks rather like a Chaldean importation. But our chief argument against the theory that the legend in the Brahmana was imported after the Vedic period is this. When the Brahmanas were compiled the system of caste was in full force. The current traditions of the creation of man were so arranged as to prove that caste had existed from the beginning. Now, reckless as is the inconsistency of belief among people who have no creed and no settled orthodoxy, we almost doubt whether an imported legend which destroyed the belief in the primitive and necessary character of caste would have been welcomed. We incline to hold that the myth in the Satapatha Brahmana is an old Aryan tale—older probably than caste itself. Dr. Muir has adduced other arguments against the hypothesis of importation which M. Lenormant accepts from Burnouf.

The Greek myths of the Deluge are all very local and very well known. The Norse myth is mixed up inextricably with that almost universal feature of savage and Aryan cosmogonies—the creation of the world out of a magnified non-natural man, Ymir or Purusha. M. Lenormant thinks that the Egyptians had once possessed the Deluge-legend; but, as they liked inundations, they preserved the belief in a destruction of the human race, but altered the story of the method by which it was caused. About the Mexican traditions of Cox Cox, the American Noah, there is considerable doubt. It is not impossible that the Mexican picture writings have been arbitrarily interpreted into a tradition of the Deluge where something quite different was intended. It is very odd that the Aztecs had a myth of the destruction of men by hurricanes, and that this very myth recurs among the natives of Australia. In all the stories of destructions of the world among the civilized American races, it is easy to trace the influence of a theory of several unsuccessful creations, after each of which the gods, dissatisfied with their work, destroyed it, or reduced the men they had made to monkeys or other animals. The Red Indians have Deluge-myths in plenty, and of course their great culture hero, Manabozho, plays his part in them. M. Lenormant has actually had the daring to conjecture that Manabozho's name may be a corruption of the Indian Manu Vairavata. Among the Algonquins, the culture hero, Ioskeha, is connected with the flood. A gigantic frog had swallowed all the waters, Ioskeha killed him and let them out, as Vritra is killed and the waters set free by Indra in the Veda. This was a beneficent flood, like that of the Australian legend, according to which a big frog swallowed all the waters, but luckily burst when an eel made him laugh by dancing on the tip of his tail. The genuine ruinous Deluge the Australians ascribe to the wrath of Pundjel, who is at once a sort of bird and a sort of god.

M. Lenormant, who omits the Australian Deluge-myths, says that "the Deluge is a universal tradition among all branches of the human race, with the one exception of the black." It is dangerous to assert such a sweeping negative. Uncle Remus tells the negro version of the Deluge, and when his little white listener asks about Noah, says "There warn't no Noah in this yer Deluge." The negro flood was caused by crayfishes. Probably there are plenty of other African myths on the subject; it was not likely that Africa should be ignorant of an otherwise universal tradition. M. Lenormant believes that the Deluge was "a real historical fact," remembered by Aryans, Cushites, and Semitic peoples. He seems to doubt whether less noble races have any right to original traditions of an event so illustrious, and inclines to believe that they were imported into America. But we see no reason for depriving the poor Australian or the nigger of any satisfaction which he may derive from having had an ancestor who was in the Ark.

A POLITICAL WITCHES' CAULDRON.

BY all accounts (although the said accounts differ marvellously in detail) Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are still occupied in the concoction of the charm which is to make the Parliament of England docile and submissive to their will during the next Session. It is not surprising, for the ingredients are such as necessarily require a great deal of cooking. It is true that the most delightful unanimity is believed to exist among the cooks—a unanimity only paralleled by that of the original frequenters of the blasted heath, and perhaps the members of the Second Triumvirate. Sir William Harcourt placidly "gives a wind" to Mr. Chamberlain for all those valuable or invaluable measures which are going to make the great changes promised by the King of Birmingham to his subjects; Lord Hartington, with the coolness or businesslike feeling of an ancient Roman, sacrifices the Land Laws and other suchlike things in return for the kindness of his colleagues in allowing him to remain absolutely ignorant of everything that is going on in Central Asia. What would a man's life be worth if he were bound to know where Sarakhs is? But at the same time cookery, whether it is of the ordinary household pattern, or of the kind presided over by Hecate, is an operation requiring something more than a great deal of good will. There are moments when

the mixture obstinately refuses to become thick and slab, even though you pour in the blood of Irish process-servers and the money of Irish landlords in the most lavish manner. It would not be altogether surprising if something of this sort were taking place with the Government *purée*—which term is especially applicable because of its etymology, so admirably suited to the immaculate virtue of a Cabinet presided over by Mr. Gladstone. Foreign, Irish, and home affairs are none of them in a particularly promising position; and, worst of all, there is the temper of that wicked Opposition to consider. Seldom has there been a sadder and more touching song of regret for a golden age of past happiness and virtue, when none were for a party but all were for the State, than the dirge uttered recently by a Radical organ over the tomb of "the old chivalrous courtesies of party warfare, when partisans treated their enemies as if they were one day to be their friends." The chivalrous courtesies of the campaign of 1879-80, the friendly treatment of the Bulgarian agitation—these are souvenirs which it is indeed well to recall lovingly and to linger over with the fondest regret. They are all gone, those chivalrous traditions; and a fiendish Opposition, not having the fear of Mr. Gladstone before its eyes, but acting under the inspiration of the ghost of Lord Beaconsfield, actually dares to murmur at the sight of the apparatus got ready for choking it, and so treating it as if it were one day to be a friend. *Hora novissima! tempora pessima!* is most naturally the Radical cry in this horrid state of things, and the reflection no less naturally converts itself into a prayer to Mr. Gladstone not to do the work negligently, but to choke the wicked Opposition and have done with it at once.

Considering the importance of these home matters, it may be that foreign affairs do not trouble Mr. Gladstone and his fellow-cooks, though certainly what may be called the foreign contingent of the materials for their mess is one that requires skilful cookery. In the first place, there is Egypt and the celebrated Note, with messages from the Porte "wanting to know, you know," in the most troublesome and at the same time the most provokingly polite manner. Then there are those abominable Russian Jews, who are giving occasion not merely to the enemy but to weak-kneed friends, like the Bishop of Oxford, to blaspheme. It is true that Mr. Gladstone's course is quite clear on this subject. It is undeniable that Bulgaria lay in the road between Hawarden and Downing Street, and that the Ukraine does not lie in any such topographical relation. As the *New York Herald* remarks with force, and even some eloquence, as to the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, "All we wanted with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was to get England out of Central America. It has done that, and we shall abrogate it when it suits us." The great exponents of democracy in this country have not yet learnt the frank accents of the bird whose home is in the setting sun. The hesitating hypocrisy of aristocratic tradition chokes such generous utterances. They cannot exactly say, "All we wanted with the atrocity cry was to get Lord Beaconsfield off the Treasury Bench; it did that for us, and we have nothing more to do with it." But the just critic will appreciate their situation, and make every allowance for them. Unluckily there are some persons who are not just critics, and there are even some, like the Bishop of Oxford, who seem to be incapable of being critics at all. The existence of such persons makes the Russian difficulty a very awkward "liver of blaspheming Jew," an ingredient hard to be amalgamated smoothly and pleasantly, while the "nose of Turk" which has just been thrust in *à propos* of Egypt is nearly, if not quite, as troublesome.

However, these foreign bodies are probably, as has been a gessed, left pretty much to take their chance in the consultation of the cooks. It can hardly be the same with Ireland. Much deliberation, we are told, is taking place as to the extension of clemency towards the suspects—a deliberation which may or may not be connected with the portentous announcement that five hundred distinct motions are to be made on the Address in reference to the interesting inhabitants of Kilmainham and other Bastilles. It may not strike the guileless how very inconvenient the situation is. Indeed, one innocent journalist has already suggested that any such conduct on the part of the Irish members would be a help to the Government in dealing with obstruction. No doubt it would, if they meant to deal with obstruction only. But as they cannot, under existing circumstances, vanquish the Irish obstructionists without the help of the Opposition, it would hardly be possible, even for Mr. Gladstone's robust morality, to turn round on his allies and jugulate them immediately afterwards, even supposing that they went as sheep to the slaughter. Again, there is much virtue, or rather much mischief, in that word "clemency." Suppose Mr. Parnell and Mr. Dillon pay no attention to the clemency, and begin again where they left off? Obviously that is their game, and the prospect is not cheerful for the Government. As it is, it has brought matters to such a pass by playing fast and loose with what is practically revolution, that no man in Ireland who owns grounds bigger than a cabbage garden can be sure of enjoying them in peace and quietness unless a troop of cavalry is in permanent patrol of his park, and that no tenant who pays his rent can sleep without fear of "Captain Moonlight." Its Land Court is in a deadlock; it is openly insulted by the corporations of the largest towns, and it has now got itself into a kind of "ladies' battle," from which no man or company of men ever yet emerged without ridicule, if not damage. Such proceedings as that at Edenderry are hardly less tragical than they are comic; and (unkindest cut of all) the celebrated "O. K.," whose gratitude for the proceedings of six years ago should surely not have evaporated,

taunts her former friends with preserving order in Ireland à la mode de Kieff, and dares them to say anything against Russian Jew-baitings when they let Irish landlord-baitings go on so merrily.

It is, however, sufficiently notorious, or at least it is sufficiently probable, that Ireland as well as the world at large forms but a small part of Mr. Gladstone's cares. It is indeed a settled thing with his devoutest followers that care about foreign policy is a kind of impiety. Was not Lord Beaconsfield turned out specially because his foreign policy was wrong, and Mr. Gladstone put in because his foreign policy was right? Does it not stand to reason that a right foreign policy must make matters go on rightly? And as for Ireland, has not justice been done—never mind at whose expense? If justice has been done, why need anybody trouble himself about anything else? The Irish difficulty is dead, like the Eastern difficulty, the Afghan difficulty, the South African difficulty; and, if it insists on giving even more lively signs of life than these other troublesome *revenants*, why that is the effect of wicked Tory galvanism. But at home there is admittedly a great deal to do. Everything has to be looked to and concocted here—the “maw of shark,” that is to say, the hunger of tenants for what Lord Derby defines as “something of their own and a good deal of somebody else’s”; the newt and the bat and the blindworm—that is to say, the sagacious persons who see political deliverance in flooding the county constituencies with utterly ignorant voters, and economy in elected County Boards; the gall and the venom of those who hate the Corporation of London because it is old, because it is not easily made a political engine of, and, most of all, because it dared to favour the late Government. One of our contemporaries has discovered in the projected reform of the Corporation “such a gallant attempt to do good without promise or hope of pay.” It seems, however, that on further reflection the gallant effort is thought likely to Radicalize London not a little. This view of the matter may possibly remind the irreverent of the little story told by that good man, Mr. Brocklehurst, in *Jane Eyre*. The good man had a good little boy, who, when he was asked whether he would have a gingerbread nut or learn a psalm, instantly chose the latter because angels sing psalms, “and then he got two nuts for his infant piety.” This, it appears, is exactly what Mr. Gladstone's Government is going to do. It is going to do good without promise or hope of reward, and then it is going to get rewarded by the final extinction of Toryism in the City. So that it is evidently possible for a Radical to do the famous trick of the Rev. Mr. Binney, and make the best of both worlds. At the same time, even Mr. Gladstone's light heart (why, by the way, do his admirers yearly speak of that great man as if he were more and more a kind of Maurepas, who passed his time in dancing and singing “Tra la, let us reform something, la la la; let us destroy something, tra la la”?) can hardly regard this as an easy piece of business. County government suggests not a little toil and trouble; and then before all, and more important than all, there is the great question of revising the Constitution, for the Gallic phrase really seems the most applicable as well as the most straightforward. No doubt Mr. Gladstone is as prepared to let every one of his followers “share in the gains” as Hecate herself. But suppose some of those followers should be, as it becomes more and more evident that some of them are, rather dubious about there being any gains? Taking that provincial opinion which Mr. Gladstone has taught us to respect, it appears as if English Gladstonians were as lukewarm about the *clôture* as French Gambettists are about *Scrutin de liste*. Nor, perhaps, candid friend as Lord Grey has long been to the modern Liberal party, is his appearance as a declared and equally candid foe without significance. A Liberal party without those of whom Lord Grey among the older, and the Duke of Argyll among the younger, generation are the ablest, would be a very odd sort of Liberal party. The original cauldron, it may be remembered, required cooling—let it be far from us to insinuate the slightest resemblance in two most respectable peers to the animal whose blood was used on that occasion—and the Whig element has usually supplied this cooling influence, and made the charm firm and good. At present the function of reducing temperature seems to be left to Lord Hartington and Lord Granville. Lord Hartington is very cool himself, but apparently has no refrigerating influence to spare; and as for Lord Granville, he is essentially mercurial, and mercury accommodates itself to all temperatures. On the whole, the prospect of the brew cannot be said to look very favourable, and some natural anxiety ought to be felt by the cooks.

DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

THE Prussian royal rescript which has just taken Europe by surprise, whatever may be thought of it from a constitutional or practical point of view, does not profess to claim for the Prussian dynasty an indefeasible hereditary right to the throne. Nor do the claims it does put forward, as we observed last week, go far, if at all, beyond those habitually asserted and to a large extent successfully enforced by George III. in this country less than a century ago. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, satirized by Pope, and in our own day by Macaulay, as “the right divine of kings to govern wrong,” meant a good deal more than this. We say advisedly “the doctrine,” for the theory of royal pre-

rogative once maintained in this country by a powerful school both of jurists and divines was for about a century regarded and taught almost as a thirteenth article of the Apostles' Creed. It will perhaps surprise some readers, who may have been accustomed to laugh at the belief as an exploded mediæval superstition, to be told that it only originated at the close of the sixteenth or opening of the seventeenth century, and was in fact coeval in its origin and its decay with the succession of the Stuart line in England, including the reign of Queen Anne, if we choose to treat the Sacheverell affair as a kind of posthumous survival or recrudescence of the principle virtually expelled with James II. No doubt, both in England and in Christendom generally, there had been in earlier days a reverent appreciation of the divinity which doth hedge about a king. But the highest expression and representation of monarchical supremacy in Europe throughout the middle ages was “the Holy Roman Empire,” so called, as Mr. Bryce points out, as being nothing less than the viable Church or Christian society organized on its secular side under a form divinely appointed. Yet the Empire was avowedly not hereditary but elective, nor was the elected Emperor authorized by custom or public opinion to assume his supreme title till he had received coronation at Rome from the hands of the Pope. Divine right indeed, if the powers that be are ordained of God, every legitimate Government, whether monarchical or not, must in one sense possess, or it would have no right to exist at all; and so far the phrase, at least in the mouth of a theist, is a mere innocuous truism. But what is meant by the doctrine known to history under that name is an indefeasible hereditary right to the succession by divine ordinance. And that in this sense the doctrine was as little known in England as elsewhere before the reign of James I. may be proved in the same way that the antiquity of the doctrine of Papal infallibility was disproved by its opponents. It is in the teeth of notorious facts. England, like the Holy Roman Empire, though the fact may not be so readily acknowledged, was at first an elective monarchy. Our Saxon and Norman sovereigns did not succeed by simple right of inheritance, though a high regard was paid—partly perhaps on the *fortes creantur fortibus et bonis principibus*—to the claim of lineal descent, and thus Henry IV. sought to justify his usurpation by showing that he had a better hereditary right than Richard II., which was not the case. Still the modern rule, which we have inherited from the days of James I., that “the King never dies,” was as yet unknown. There was sometimes a long interregnum, nor was it always closed by the election of the next of kin; and the elected Sovereign, like the Roman Emperor, did not venture to assume his title till it had been sealed by the sacred unction of Coronation. Saxon kings were formally elected by the Witan, and the very form of Coronation, both in Saxon and Norman times, included an appeal to popular acceptance. Some of our kings, like Henry VIII. afterwards, assumed the right of bequeathing the crown by will, and the Conqueror based his claims on the will of Edward the Confessor. Several of them, including five out of the eight Henrys, reigned in defiance of the strict rule of descent. Stephen was chosen in order to exclude a female sovereign, and John because his nephew Arthur was still a boy. Henry VIII. himself, who had the blood both of York and Lancaster in his veins, could put in an undisputed claim, but its security was again imperilled by his matrimonial eccentricities, and so little respect did he show for the hereditary principle that he had an Act of Parliament passed to enable him to bequeath the throne by will, and he actually made a will, afterwards confirmed afresh by an Act of Elizabeth's reign, excluding from the succession the very family who immediately succeeded her. Edward VI. was induced by Cranmer, without any Parliamentary authority, to make a will excluding his sister Mary. Both Mary and Elizabeth reigned only by Parliamentary right, for it was impossible that both of them could be legitimate, and the highest authority in the realm had pronounced both to be illegitimate. Elizabeth went further than Henry, and got an Act of Parliament passed making it high treason to dispute her right to leave the crown by will. Yet within a few hours of her death, James I., who was doubly excluded by law from the succession, but was the heir by lineal descent, was proclaimed King amid the universal acclamations of the people. The nation had settled the matter for itself as though by instinct, and when the line of Henry VIII. had failed, fell back on the lineal representative of Henry VII. With James the principle of divine right mounted the throne of England.

It is a further question, of course, how this was brought about, and what endeavours were made after the fact to bring theory and practice into accord. But first it is important to emphasize the fact that James I., first of our English Sovereigns, did reign by virtue of divine right if he reigned by any right at all. He not only had no Parliamentary claim, but he was expressly excluded by the will of one Sovereign made under Parliamentary sanction, and endorsed by a second Act of Parliament passed in another reign. It is true, indeed, that on his accession Parliament hastened to acknowledge him, but in the very act of doing so it virtually admitted his right to be not Parliamentary, but divine. The first Act passed in his reign declared “that immediately on the decease of Elizabeth, late Queen of England, the imperial Crown of the realm of England, and of all the kingdoms, dominions, and rights belonging to the same, did, by *inherent birthright and lawful and undoubted succession*, descend and come to your Most Excellent Majesty, as being lineally, justly, and lawfully next and sole heir of the blood royal of this realm.” This was almost to assert *totidem*

verbi the principle of hereditary divine right, hitherto unknown to English law or history, and, so far as the immediate succession of the next heir to the throne on the death of his predecessor, without waiting for any formal ratification of Parliament or for coronation, is concerned, it has held good ever since. But how came it to be so universally and peacefully recognized? No doubt the way had been prepared for it by the troubles about the succession since the death of Henry VIII. and the pressure of dangers from opposite quarters to which the country was believed to be exposed. Elizabeth, on whatever basis her rights reposed, clung tenaciously, and with the general assent of the nation, to her supremacy. And that supremacy was assailed, from points of view more or less cognate, by two very opposite parties, Papists and Puritans, who were accordingly denounced as the two great enemies of the State. Both alike denied her religious authority, and not only held her to be liable to ecclesiastical censure and excommunication in the abstract, but held also that, unless she would consent to reform the national Church on their respective models, she actually deserved or had incurred it. Moreover, the scholastic divines generally, and the Jesuits especially, had always maintained a theory of popular as opposed to divine right, and argued that a power which the people had originally given they might again in certain contingencies resume; and the question was further complicated by the dispute about the deposing power of the Pope. Moreover the famous Jesuit, Father Parsons, had published, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, a treatise elaborately discussing the rival pretensions of five different families and twelve possible claimants who after her death might plausibly dispute the succession. This may help to explain why, immediately upon her decease, the Earl of Northumberland wrote to inform James that the eyes of the whole nation were fixed on him, while nobody gave a thought to any of his competitors.

Thus then the way had been paved for James's peaceful succession to the throne; but some theoretical justification was also required, and this it became the business of theologians and jurists to supply. We have said that the schoolmen, and the Jesuits after them, maintained a popular theory of the right of government. Suarez indeed, one of the most distinguished theologians the Order has produced, wrote a work against the divine right of Kings, in reply to James I., but dealing chiefly with the right of the Pope over heretical sovereigns. It would be a mistake, however, as Mr. Lecky justly observes, to suppose that the Jesuit divines advocated popular principles of government only on theological grounds, or as applied to Protestant countries. Mariana, *e.g.*—perhaps the greatest writer they can boast—has discussed the whole question of tyrannicide from an entirely independent point of view, nor does he admit the distinction usually drawn between a tyrant *in regimine* (*i.e.* a lawful King who governs tyrannically) and a tyrant *in titulo*, *i.e.* a usurper; or at least he insists that a tyrant who governs in his own selfish interests, and not in the interests of his people, however legitimate his hereditary pretensions, is no better than a usurper, and may be deposed, or if necessary killed. It is curious to notice how Hooker, who had studied the schoolmen carefully, though he does not always acknowledge his obligations to them, modified their theories on this matter, though he does not go the whole length of the divine right doctrine afterwards developed by Filmer and the Caroline divines. And it must be remembered that the Eighth Book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, to which we are referring, was written towards the close of his own life and of Elizabeth's reign, though not published till fifty years afterwards. He begins by laying down the obviously reasonable principle that "on whom [supreme power] is bestowed, even at men's discretion, they likewise do hold it by divine right," and therefore "unto kings by human right honour by divine right is due"; but this power is not unlimited, for "the king is *major singulis, universis minor*." Hooker allows then with the old Latin divines that royal power comes originally from the people, but he deserts them and favours the new theory just then coming into vogue in maintaining that, once given, it becomes hereditary, and cannot be recalled. He expressly rejects, as "strange, untrue, and unnatural conceits," the opinion that no man's birth can make him a king, or that succession, in a family once established on the throne, depends on the acceptance or election of the incoming heir; whereas on the contrary "in kingdoms hereditary birth giveth right unto sovereign dominion, and the death of the predecessor putteth the successor by blood in seisin." The question then arises whether the body politic may, for sufficient cause, withdraw from the dynasty or the individual the power once bestowed. Hooker thinks "it must be presumed" that when "grave inconvenience doth grow thereby," they will be willing to resign it—a presumption hardly borne out by history—but "without their consent I see not how the body should be able by any just means to help itself, saving when dominion doth escheat." This reads very like the doctrine of "non-resistance" afterwards so hotly contested, but we may perhaps infer from the context that Hooker would have allowed some modifications of it in practice, and we must at all events bear in mind that the last three books of the *Ecclesiastical Polity* were not published in the author's lifetime, and may not have received his final touches, though there is no just ground for the doubts sometimes cast on their authenticity.

This then was the state of the controversy at the accession of James I., when divines and lawyers lost no time in taking up the question. Convocation prepared a draft of canons condemning all resistance to sovereign authority in terms sufficiently sweeping, but, as they did not very clearly distinguish between kings *de jure* and *de facto*, James only snubbed them for their pains. Then

the Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, Dr. Cowell, published a dictionary which defined the royal prerogative to be above all positive enactments, and "though it be a merciful policy, and also a politic mercy" for the king to make laws only by consent of Parliament, he neither is bound to ask their consent, nor bound by the laws when they are made. The House of Commons not unnaturally protested against this work, and James discreetly suppressed it, acknowledging—what however, as we have seen, was certainly not the fact—that he was indebted to the law for his crown. But then again the Papal controversy came in, and one Talbot, who had refused to repudiate the deposing power, was prosecuted by Bacon, as Attorney-General, before the Star Chamber, and this helped on the growing tendency to assert, at least in words, an indefeasible and absolute right of the hereditary sovereign. But the great exponent of the theory of divine right, who has therefore been the favourite butt for the bitterest ridicule of later liberal assailants from the time of Bishop Burnet, though Locke did not disdain to answer him, was Sir Robert Filmer, a zealous royalist whose house in Kent was ten times plundered during the civil wars in the reign of Charles I. His *Patriarcha*, said to have been written in 1642, was not published till nearly forty years afterwards, when he had long been dead, but other publications of his had appeared during his lifetime, which are pronounced by a very competent critic to be remarkable not merely for sagacity but for shrewd common sense. The argument of the *Patriarcha* is briefly this. He began by denying the scholastic theory, affirmed alike by "Calvinists and Jesuits," and, we may add, by Hooker, that sovereign power was originally bestowed at the will of the multitude, from which radical sophism they inferred consistently enough that the multitude might for any lawful cause—of which they were themselves to be the judges—withdraw or change the powers they had conferred. Filmer insisted, on the contrary, that all men were not equal by nature, but from the first Adam, and then the Patriarchs, had by Divine institution power over their children, and after the flood and subsequent dispersion of the descendants of Noah "we find the establishment of regal power throughout the kingdoms of the world." From this he inferred that, however this or that particular dynasty might have originated—by election, usurpation, or otherwise—the "natural right of a supreme father over every multitude" remained an established principle, and therefore the actual king must always enjoy a Divine right over his subjects. God may suffer him to be removed by the instrumentality of men, but their action in displacing him is not the less sinful and damnable. In the case of there being no legitimate heir to the throne, the sovereign power "escheated," not to the multitude, but "to the prime and independent heads of families" as a kind of natural aristocracy, and on them devolved the duty of conferring the crown afresh on whom they pleased. "And he that is so elected claims not his power as a donative from the people, but as being substituted properly by God, from whom he receives his royal charter of a universal father, though testified by the ministry of the heads of the people." The theory thus stated is not otherwise than plausible in itself; the real difficulty lay in its application, as expounded by Caroline and Jacobite divines, into whose treatment of the question we have no space to enter here. But it may fairly be asked whether it is any less defensible than the modern popular dogma, as repeated and interpreted *usque ad nauseam* from a thousand platforms, that all power comes from the people.

MRS. HARRIS'S HOUSEHOLD BOOK.

IN the year of grace seventeen hundred and twenty-four, and on a certain day in the month of October, one Anne, the careful wife of Samuel Harris, citizen of London, resolved upon taking an inventory of all she possessed, including the furniture, the family linen, the clothes, the plate, the pewter, and the kitchen utensils. Accordingly she procured a convenient book, strongly bound in parchment; and, after numbering the pages and lettering the first twenty for index purposes, she began her inventory; but, growing tired of the trouble, she never completely finished it. That is to say, after enumerating her blankets, sheets, "pillibears," counterpanes, and pillows, her kitchen utensils and her ten washing-tubs, her dresses and fineries and those of her daughters, she stopped short; so that we hear of no chairs and tables, nor, which is very unfortunate, of any books. But she continued to use the volume as a sort of commonplace household book, and put down in it addresses, items of expenditure, memoranda of useful things, dates, and so forth. Most of the entries belong to the years 1724 and 1725; but one or two occur as late as the year 1729, after which the book was laid aside on some shelf, and there apparently forgotten. Otherwise it must have been destroyed, because the book would most certainly not appear to the writer's children or grandchildren as of the least importance. After five generations, however, have passed away, such a volume begins to be curious; and the glimpse which it affords, brief and uncertain as it is, into middle-class life under the first George is not without interest.

No indication is afforded as to the part of London in which Mr. Samuel Harris resided. His wife sets down addresses of tradesmen in every part, as if distance was no consideration. She buys things in Jeruyn Street and at Spitalfields, in the Strand and in Moorfields, but never gives us the least hint where she herself lived. Seeing, however, that she went to the neighbourhood of the Strand for the purchase of things most frequently wanted, we may

conclude that her house was somewhere in what is now the West-Central district, possibly in the new suburb of Bloomsbury. It is also reasonable to suppose that Mr. Samuel Harris was a substantial man, because his household consisted of one man-servant, with at least two maids, and perhaps more. This number, as a minimum, is arrived at by an entry in the book by which it appears that on a certain day Mrs. Harris gave warning to Rebecca Bond, and on the same day Elizabeth Watts gave warning of her own accord—"it was on a Thursday morning." The house in which they lived contained a dining-room, a nursery, four bedrooms—one a principal or best bedroom—and two garrets. The kitchen was apparently built out at the back, for one of the bedrooms was over it. The family proper was composed of Mr. Samuel Harris and his wife, their three daughters—Nancy, Polly, and Beasy—their son Joe, who was generally at school, and Mr. Harris's brother, sometimes spoken of as Nick, and sometimes as Brother Harris, no doubt a bachelor, and certainly a man of fidgets and fancies. For instance, Mrs. Harris had two-and-twenty pillows all of feathers or down; but Brother Harris refused to sleep upon any of them, and made her buy a flock pillow all for his own use; also he was curious about the marking of his shirts, and extremely particular about his hats. Other members of the family are incidentally mentioned, as Sister Lydia, Brother Dan Coxo and his wife, who had gone to "Philadelphia," and had boxes of Mantua silk, wools, worsted, needles, and so forth, sent to them; Uncle Bolton, who lived at Enfield Chase; Billy Coxo, perhaps the son of Brother Dan, who seems to have been at school, and constantly had to be met or sent off in the coach by man William; Cousin Preston, who lived over a milliner's shop; Cousin Trephane, who was always sending her gloves to be washed with those of the girls; and Cousin Lambert, who was a poor relation, and made shirts for the family.

The inventory, so far as it goes, shows that the modern Queen Anne people have yet something to learn. No doubt they are quite right about their brass fenders. Mrs. Harris had quantities of nice things in brass—candlesticks by the score, snuffers and snuffer-trays, "scaevalls," extinguishers, shovels, tongs, pokers with brass nobs, and fenders; but she had no brass coal-scuttles. She had one best scuttle in copper—not brass—for her dining-room, and the rest were of iron. This detail should be noted by the dwellers in Bedford Park. But there is another and a much more important point. To make the revival complete we must insist upon a return to that much despised and yet sober and modest material, pewter. In common, no doubt, with her neighbours, Mrs. Harris possessed vast quantities of pewter—there were porringers, basins, spoons, ladles, flagons, plates, shallow dishes, deep dishes, cullenders, cheese-plates, and all kinds of things; and it is quite clear that the ordinary service for children and the kitchen was always of pewter. There was, it is true, some silver plate, but not much; about a dozen and a half of spoons, a tankard, a ladle, castors, and a cup with handles which belonged to Polly. And when they went into country lodgings (at eighteen shillings a week) they took with them, among other things not provided, twelve pewter plates and only six "white earthen" plates, which were for the use of the seniors. No Queen Anne house can, therefore, be considered complete unless it has copper scuttles, pokers and tongs with brass knobs, and a complete service, in daily use, of pewter. Whether candles, of wax for the dining-room and tallow for the kitchen, which require snuffing, with snuffers in brass, standing in brass trays, should also be insisted upon is a question for serious consideration.

As for the household linen, it was maintained on a truly liberal scale, everything being of diaper or the finest Holland, and even the cloths used to "wipe the Chaney"—Mrs. Harris is not strong in spelling—were made of "Rushe" stuff. There was need of much linen, because the family washing took place only once a month; it was all done at home, and we read how firkins of soap were bought beforehand—each firkin cost twenty-six shillings and lasted three months—in preparation for this tremendous ceremony. The wardrobes of the ladies show that they were persons of some consideration. Mrs. Harris herself had "sutes" and gowns in yellow damask, red satin, blue and white satin, white and gold satin, petticoats in black and red silk, petticoats worked and petticoats quilted; she also had a scarlet cloak. Nancy had a blue damask suit, and a yellow lutestrung suit, with a scarlet cloak, and a sprigged calico morning gown. Polly had a white silk suit flowered with red, a green rosette, a suit lined with red, a yellow silk suit lined with white, and a cloak. Nancy, who was probably the youngest, had suits in green damask, yellow and white flowered satin, and striped thread satin, with a cloak. Nothing at all is said about gold chains, watches, or jewelry, so that the ladies were certainly not fine City madams. Gloves, we learn, cost twenty-six shillings a dozen; but then we are not told what kind of gloves they were—perhaps some sort of thread, because they were always wanting to be washed. The respectable Mrs. Beck, partner with Mrs. Warren, who lived at a cane-chairmaker's at the Golden Bull, south side of St. Paul's, used to wash them, and frequently caused trouble by bringing home at the last moment left hands without the corresponding rights.

Besides conducting their own washing, the female members of the household did a good many other things now left to hiredlings; thus they made their own sausages, a practice which will be revived as soon as the popular indignation at the article of commerce now offered as a sausage is fully roused; they made their own starch; they preserved their own jams and jellies, and they

salted hams. Their dishes were chiefly roast and boiled; they believed in toasted cheese, and the same instrument which served for the cheese was used "to brown calves' and lambs' heads" with; they had tongs in those merry days for toasting oysters, and other tongs for "turning stayles." A great deal of sewing was done by the girls. Needles and "coloured shades" are bought for them, and we catch a glimpse of them sitting together at work in the dining-room at "the large Japanned tea-table," the two smaller ones being used by their mother. Also, we see them wrapping up "the Indian pictures"—what can these have been?—in three coarse sheets. Quite at the end of the book we find them in the possession of two spinnets, one "double rowed" and the other "single rowed," with a walnut wood desk, which cost altogether twenty-two guineas. From these slight indications there is no difficulty in filling up a pleasant picture of a well-furnished and well-ordered family circle of the better sort. Their life is simple; there is no withdrawing-room; all live in the dining-room; there are very few festivities; the principal amusements are to take coach and drive over to Enfield Chase to see Uncle Bolton or to Uxbridge to see Joe; the girls are still young; the nursery has not yet been quite abolished; the mother is a kindly notable woman, who takes thought for all and allows nothing to be wasted.

There are, however, two or three other points connected with the history of national manners which may be illustrated from this manuscript. Thus, we gather from it that female education in the first quarter of the eighteenth century consisted chiefly of training for domestic duties with a small superstructure of accomplishments. Nancy, Polly, and Bessie, for example, took lessons in dancing of the accomplished Mr. Katin or Katon, for the writer spells his name in two or three ways. The lessons were spread over a month, and were given "against a ball" which Mr. Katin was about to conduct. One would have liked to be told something about that ball, and how the girls held up their heads and acquitted themselves creditably, and enjoyed the evening, and wore their damask suits. Mr. Katin came nine times, "and once before, which we did not reckon"—poor Mr. Katin!—and got two guineas for his honorarium. They learned music as well, and were taught by a Mr. Forsyth, who lived in Boswell Court, Devonshire Street, Queen's Square. His visits are all set down in the book; he came about twice a week, and got two guineas for every eight lessons, which does not seem such bad pay. But if, as happened once, he amused himself with playing music for a visitor instead of teaching the girls, the money for that lesson was deducted. Joe, on the other hand, who was at a school at Uxbridge when the book was begun, seems to have been brought back to London, in order to learn French. His master was a M. Benne, to whom for Joe's tuition a guinea was paid as an entrance fee, and two guineas a quarter afterwards. M. Benne seems to have been in some sort a friend of the family, for we find him recommending to "Brother Harris" a French hat-maker living in Spitalfields, named De Sortenboc—as spelled by the lady. Brother Harris went there and bought a very good hat and very cheap—"and I see it myself." But this arrangement broke down, and Joe was then transferred to a French minister at Spitalfields, named Dennis, who is also to receive two guineas a quarter for tuition every other day. It is impossible to make out a consecutive history of the family, because the entries are made wherever there happens to be a blank page and without reference to chronological order. Thus, in following the fortunes of Joe, we get mixed up with those of his cousin, Billy Coxo. William, the man-servant, has to meet the latter at the "White Lion," in Bishopsgate Street, on Wednesday, the 24th day of March; and on Thursday, the 25th, both boys are to go together to Uxbridge, and William has to take a note of all the bundles and parcels that the boys take with them. They start from the "Saracen's Head" at Aldgate, but whether before or after the French lessons is not clear.

It is also interesting to note the prices of things, and it is fortunate that Mrs. Harris thought of setting down some of her grocers' and drapers' bills. As regards wine, for instance, we find that they drank "Mountain"—which we take to have been Tenerife or Canary—and that they drank a great deal of it. In the month of February, 1723, for instance, they had from the "Fountain Inn" a gallon on the 4th, another on the 9th, another on the 12th, and another on the 16th. In other words, they drank between the 4th and the 16th three gallons, eighteen quart bottles, or an imperial quart a day—which does not seem a bad allowance for Mr. Harris and his brother Nick. The price of the wine is not stated, nor is there anything said about beer. Very probably the small beer of the period was used for breakfast and for the servants. Nothing at all is said about coffee, which had not yet come into general household use, but the tea called "boke" was bought at Mr. Young's, the druggist's, and they used about a pound a month. Two or three grocers' bills are copied into the book, from which we perceive that brown sugar cost 4½d. a lb. and powdered sugar 10d. a lb., currants were 5d. a lb., raisins 4½d., rice 3d., black pepper 1s. 4d., Jamaica pepper 1s. 8d., ginger 8d., nutmeg 9s. 4d., mace 9s., cinnamon 9s., cloves 10s., salt butter about 7d. a lb.; loaves of sugar were purchased direct of Mr. Samweg, the sugar-baker. Chocolate was bought on one occasion for the pampered Joe. As for their tradesmen, they were, as we have said, scattered all over London. Joe had his clothes of a Mr. Garding—as Mrs. Harris always speaks of "wooding" and "flaxing" for "wooden" and "flaxen," we may presume that this artist's name should be written "Garden"—who lived in Jermyn Street; but the family shoemaker lived in East Smithfield. We have already seen how Joe took French lessons at one time in Blooms-

bury, and at another in Spitalfields. Their clear-starcher lived in Bishopsgate Street Without; they bought hoop petticoats in Southampton Street, Strand; the periwig-maker "who made the first wigg Joe had when he went into Breaches" lived in Clement's Lane; they bought their cutlery in Houndsditch; the best salts were only to be bought of Doctor Palk in Middle Moorfields; their family doctor lived in Westminster; they hired coaches either in Clerkenwell, or in Aldersgate Street, or in Fetter Lane. This scattering of one's custom all over London would seem to have made shopping very laborious, but there was probably less frequent buying than now, and more thought over each purchase. The shops which provided the family with the things most often wanted, such as millinery, wools, and worsted, which would have to be readily accessible, were all in the neighbourhood of the Strand—a fact which goes to bear out our theory that the family lived near Holborn. One or two of the entries are very odd. Thus, "July 4th, 1725. Then Mr. Orum died. Five short aprons and one scarf that was sister Lydia's, all to make me a quilted under petticoat." The connexion between the lamented Orum and the aprons, coupled with the absence of any show of grief, is presently explained when we discover that Orum was the family dyer, and that at the time of his death he had been entrusted with a quantity of things to be operated upon according to the Mystery of the Craft. The last entry in the book is a list of five numbers; they are those of lottery tickets. Did, we wonder, worthy Samuel Harris or Brother Nick win a prize?

There seems only one thing more to notice in this book of scraps. Mrs. Harris either invented "out of her own head," or was taught, a cypher. Now and then she makes her entries in this character, which causes her to spell worse than ever. It is not a difficult cypher, and for the benefit of those who love such simple problems we subjoin an extract:—"Th2 t3tle 4f 1 b44ke c1l2d 1h2 wh4le d5ty 4f a w4718 49 1 g53d2 t4 y8 f271l2 szx f947 y8 1g24f83xt228 t4 83xy wr3t38 by 1 ldy." Why this, or any other passage in the book, should be written in cypher passes understanding. Perhaps it was intended to stimulate, and at the same time to baffle, the curiosity of Nancy, Polly, and Bessy.

SIR RICHARD MALINS.

IT would be no great exaggeration to say that with Sir Richard Malins there is buried to-day the tradition of the old school of Chancery practitioners and judges. Not that, if we look merely to dates, the late Vice-Chancellor could be considered the father of the Equity side of the profession. One Equity judge still on the Bench is his elder in years; and there was nothing extraordinary, for his calling and station, either in the length of days he attained or in the age at which he ceased from the active performance of his duties. But for an unfortunate accident both might well have been advanced. The longevity of distinguished men of law was already proverbial when Coke ascribed it to the special favour of Providence. Modern observers are apt to see in it the natural connexion of a good constitution and a strong hold on life with the qualities which command success in a field where many strong men are rivals. In this respect Sir Richard Malins did no more than exemplify the common felicity of his brethren. But he represented in a striking way the peculiarities of the old Court of Chancery. There lingered even in its cumbrous technicalities a certain air of the days when the Chancellor, as keeper of the King's conscience, dealt out summary justice above and beyond the scope of positive law. Sir Richard Malins did what one man could in our time to revive this ancient ideal. So deeply was he impressed with the sense of moral right as a man that he strove as a judge, if we may use a paradoxical, but almost necessary, expression, to do equity at all costs, right or wrong. He was zealous to be just *per fas et nefas*.

Sir Richard Malins's life, so far as it concerns or interests the public, was an uneventful one. He started in his profession with no special advantages, and won his way in it by steady and conscientious work. He chose for his province a branch of law which to the lay people seems remoter from common understanding than any other, and which, even among the special studies of English lawyers, is a kind of speciality of itself. Some years were spent by him in Parliament, not without leaving his mark on the statutes of the land in unpretending but useful legislation. His merits as an advocate secured the professional confidence of many clients, which his qualities as a man often ripened into personal good-will and friendship. Clients in these days cannot afford to choose their counsel wrongly, and their estimate of a character which must be tried in the conduct of difficult and delicate affairs, and in many ways not appearing to the outside world, is unlikely to be far mistaken. When Sir Richard Malins ceased to be a leader of the Equity Bar and became a Vice-Chancellor, his promotion was of those which, coming in due season and being manifestly well earned, call forth neither enthusiasm nor surprise. His judicial career was watched in a different temper by lawyers and suitors according to their different points of view, but with interest by all. Those who were most ready to criticize his errors could not but allow that they were the errors of a man over-anxious to do good, and when at last he quitted his labours there were none from whom he did not part in kindness. He was happily married, and lived to celebrate his golden wedding-day in an honourable retirement, of which nothing was to be regretted but its shortness.

We have intimated that Sir Richard Malins's decisions gave openings for criticism, and were freely criticized. It would be an idle affectation and a sorry compliment to his memory to ignore that which was well known to every practitioner in Lincoln's Inn. At the same time it is fit to be borne in mind that criticism of a judge's decisions from a purely legal point of view can in no case give a full account of his work, and may sometimes not give a fair one. Every judge is, or ought to be, a good lawyer; but he ought likewise to be much else. Judges are executive officers as well as interpreters of the law. They are not mere mouthpieces of justice, but her active ministers, guiding and tempering the application of rule and principle to the variety of circumstances. On circuit this function is an open and solemn one. The Justice of assize embodies the majesty of public law, and exercises in the sight of all men a wide discretion in making its strength heavily or lightly felt by offenders. For this and other like purposes he needs a knowledge of man and the world which he may well have gathered in the course of his profession, but which does not belong to its technical doctrine. The judges of the Court of Chancery, confined as they were to the administration of civil and private law, were entrusted with discretionary functions of not less importance, though of a different kind and inconspicuous in the public eye. The Chancery Division, like the old Court of Chancery which it supplanted, is not exclusively, nor even chiefly, a tribunal for ordinary litigation. It is a great administrative machine for preserving and distributing the property of families. It undertakes the management of their affairs when the difficulties or the magnitude of the task are found too much for private responsibility. Here is a fair and wide field for the exercise of judicial discretion and influence. A word spoken at the fitting opportunity may heal old differences, may guide willing parties to a speedier settlement, or may effectually rebuke the obstinate. It was these occasions of doing good that Sir Richard Malins delighted in, and that suited his turn of mind. He was never so well pleased as when he could deal with the matter before him as a paternal arbitrator, and award to all parties the most complete justice he could devise. Trustees hampered by too stringent settlements from doing the best they might for their beneficiaries would seek Sir Richard Malins's court by preference; and if he was satisfied of the good faith and reasonableness of the application, they seldom sought in vain. He was astute to strain the letter of documents and precedents when it stood in the way of the course most convenient in itself. He went further in this kind of beneficence than a judge of sterner legal intellect would have dared to go; and he did many things which, though not proper to be taken as examples, it was impossible to wish undone.

But this kind of work, important and useful as it is to the parties it affects, is obscure to the public, and little known in detail to any one not actually concerned in it. What the public mostly saw and heard of Sir Richard Malins was the conduct of contentious business in his court, his judgments formally delivered, and the reasons he gave for them. And the conspicuous side of his judicial character was also the weaker one. Conclusions arrived at by thought for the welfare of the parties had to be maintained on legal principle and authority, and the reasons found for them were not seldom insufficient. Again, Sir Richard Malins's forwardness in good offices prevented him from being a good judge in a really hard-fought case. He could never see when people were determined to fight, or that, when such is their mind, the truest kindness is to let them fight the case out with as little interference as possible. He showed something like resentment when the discussion of the general merits was barred or interrupted by a point of pure law. Thus it came about that Sir Richard Malins's court was the chosen resort of plaintiffs who felt doubtful of their case, but wished for a public occasion of dilating upon their grievance. In another court they might be cut short by legal objections, and held down to what was legally relevant. Before Sir Richard Malins, if they could once produce on him an impression that they had suffered wrong, they were sure of having out their story, even if he ultimately found himself precluded from going into the proofs of it. This kind of indulgence, arising in the first place from a compassion amiable in itself, entails mischiefs far greater than any possible benefit, though Sir Richard Malins apparently did not perceive them. The dignity of justice is lowered; undue preference is offered to the suitor who cries loudest; and the practical work of the judge, and the interests of parties who really want their causes not only heard but decided, are postponed to the sentimental satisfaction of complaints which may well be undeserving.

Sir Richard Malins had other little judicial traits, which, if less material to his dispensation of justice, were characteristic of the man. They often raised a not unkindly smile among those who practised before him. It were needless, and hardly graceful, to dwell on them at this moment. If he magnified himself in his office, it was a fault on the right side. It is not the mark of a good workman to think meanly of his work. The late Mr. Justice Willes, who otherwise differed widely from Sir Richard Malins in learning, temper, and character, was on principle "even valiant," in his own favourite phrase, in upholding not only the dignity of the judges, but every circumstance of reverence and outward show that invests it. As Sir Henry Taylor has long ago taught us, there is no virtue or wisdom in despising such matters, but rather the pride and very wantonness of false humility.

THE HUNTING SEASON.

HUNTING men pray for open winters; but it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. And, next to the farmers, there is no class of the community more ready to grumble at the caprices of the weather. In the persistent mildness of the present winter, when spring flowers are blooming in all the gardens, and the songbirds seem to be thinking of pairing prematurely, the congratulations that were general a few weeks ago are gradually changing into complaints. The very hardest riders, the gluttons of the chase, would gladly welcome a spell of frost. No doubt, such severe winters as we have experienced lately are tantalizing and disappointing in the extreme. It is provoking to have your horses eating their heads off, and to be condemned to imprisonment at large among the gaieties of London, when you had fondly hoped to be galloping over the shires. But, on the other hand, when the meets are never suspended, hunting men of all degrees are oppressed with cares and anxieties. What with indifferent scenting days, and coverts that are perpetually being rattled about, and hounds that are getting fine-drawn with their excessive exertions, the master begins to be sorely exercised as to his character for showing satisfactory sport. The huntsman and whips, who are always in the saddle, find the work out of all proportion to the wages; while, with the strain on the stud through many a heavy day, they say that they are seldom carried to their minds. So that, unless the master is a genuine enthusiast and has the art of animating his sides-de-camp with his own indomitable spirit, there is apt to be a sense of stagnation when drawing the coverts and of depression even in the runs. In short, what ought to be unadulterated pleasure is turned into a toil. It may be said that the wealthy men who have prepared themselves for anything by getting together a dozen, fifteen, or twenty horses, ought to make themselves thoroughly happy with uninterrupted hunting. After all, they are their own masters; they can always turn out when they like, and they need not overwork themselves unless they please; while, with their ranges of stalls so amply filled, they ought never to come to the end of their relays. But, as a matter of fact, that is seldom the case. The highly-priced animals in aristocratic stables seem to be specially liable to all the ills that afflict horseflesh—at all events, if the plausible stud-groom is to be believed. The dapper little master of the horse is proverbially autocratic in his own department, and though his skill may be as great as his testimonials were undeniable, many of his quadrupeds appear to be always ailing. He has invariably excellent reasons to allege for the sickness among his charges, while the innumerable casualties of the chase are necessarily beyond his control. Some horses are coughing, and others are strained; one slightly staked himself at a fence; another was somewhat overreached at a water jump; and the upshot is that the master of many horses is sadly puzzled to put a second in the field if he has been steadily hunting several days a week. Even if his stud-groom should chance to be a paragon, and if luck should have kept his stud in fair condition, he may not regard it altogether as an unmixed mercy. For, having brought his string together at great expense, he feels bound to ride out the value of his money, till he works himself into the frame of mind of the overtaken postilion whose duties kept him perpetually on the road. He execrates the knock of his valet at the door when the man brings his boots, breeches, and boiling water. He would give much to hear that there is an iron frost, putting a stop to any possibility of hunting. But, knowing well that he need not look for such a piece of good fortune, he lacks the moral courage to turn over and go to sleep again; and resigns himself to rise in sullen disgust, and resume his round of daily drudgery, like the City man whose business engagements are peremptory. As for the modest two and three horse men, they must have come long ago nearly to the ends of their tether. Generally speaking, they hunt with keen enjoyment, and manage to get infinitely more out of their useful animals than the magnates who can draw a cheque at any moment for "more hunters," as Beckford ordered round more curries. They are compelled to cherish horses which they could ill afford to replace, seeing personally to their health and comfort. They are set upon making the most of the season, and are not to miss the chance of a good thing. Frost forces on them periods of indispensable repose, and though they murmur bitterly at each check in their amusement, they come out afterwards with redoubled zest on reinvigorated animals. Now, as they know by unmistakable signs, their horses are over-ridden. The sight of the scarlet coats and the cheery cry of the hounds will always fire the flagging spirit of the hunter. But the good grey or bay, though he tries to extend himself as before, lays the heavy ground behind him with obvious labour. The rider finds that he does not keep his place as he used to do; he steers for gates and gaps, and shows an increasing predilection for lanes, while the animal that was so sure-footed and clever at his fences begins to blunder at them and make awkward mistakes in landing. So there is more mortification than agreeable excitement in the liveliest burst, though he may congratulate himself if he has come off without a casualty.

At the best, there are drawbacks to the pleasures of the chase, to which none but men of strong constitutions and irrepressible spirits can be insensible. And never do we feel them more than in one of these open winters. There is the wearisome journey to the distant meet. You have been tempted to sit up late in merry

company, and the prospects of the morning seem bright enough when you take your candle on the breaking-up of the sociable smoking party. But a change has come over the spirit of your dream, with that awakening in the morning to which we have referred. Possibly you must stumble into your clothes by candlelight; at all events, nature appears inexpressibly dismal as you peer out upon the landscape through the streaming window panes. Little time can be spared for the scrambling breakfast, which is of the less consequence that you have no great appetite. Already the steeds are pawing impatiently on the gravel before the door, and time and the master will wait for no one. The sandwich-case and sherry-flask have been stowed away in your pockets; and having hardly had time to get thoroughly warm, you thrust your tingling feet into the cold stirrup-irons. Should you be happy enough to own a cover hack, it is all very well; you wake his mettle with the spur, and the lively canter soon sets the blood in brisk circulation. But we may suppose that you are riding your hunter forward, and in that case you must go softly and handle him gingerly. What can be more miserable in the circumstances than the funereal jog-trot at which you are condemned to travel! The landscape, enveloped in a Scotch fog, is reeking with volumes of raw vapour; each tree, distilling fabulous quantities of moisture, treats you to a drizzling shower-bath as you pace under its spectral boughs; the rutty lanes are full of mud and water; while the strips of turf by their sides are so many sloppy quagmires. As you strike into the high road which leads to the turnpike appointed as the trysting-place, the sight of the horsemen cantering gaily upon their cover hacks, or the gentlemen in ulsters and rugs luxuriously seated in their phaetons, adds insult to the sense of suffering. The day may prove blank after all your efforts, and then you have had your suffering for nothing. Or it may result in a brilliant run, which for the time amply rewards you. But the most thrilling run comes to an end at last, and it may have landed you at the other side of the country. Your horse, considering all things, has carried you well; but in your joint excitement you have pretty nearly got to the end of him. And now you must head for home in the dark and damp, through parishes swamped in seas of mud, and of whose topography you are profoundly ignorant. The finger-posts are invisible; the pig-headed country folks misdirect you, and the landlords of village inns magnify distances depressingly, on the off-chance of persuading you to take supper and bed with them. You have to lift your horse along, and must often mercifully dismount to relieve him, while notwithstanding that involuntary exercise, your feet are as devoid of sensation as your fingers. When you reach the welcome harbourage at last, for the hundredth time in your life you have abjured hunting for the future; and though of course you reconsider the matter after dinner, as you draw your chair and the table with the decanters towards the fire, that melancholy ride dwells long in your memory.

But the present hunting season suggests considerations more serious than those of jaded riders and overtaken horses. The farmers have their grievance, which is coming to the front, and may possibly put an end to hunting in many districts. And the grievance is admitted by masters of hounds, who suffer from it, though in a different way, almost as much as the occupiers of land. In former times the local hunt was an institution which farmers, even when they did not ride to the hounds themselves, accepted as one of the traditional conditions of their holdings. They had their indirect profit in the young horses they could sell, and in the market they found for hay, straw, and corn. The damage done to the land and fences by a limited company of neighbours riding carefully was never very serious; and any claims that might be made for compensation were generally liberally entertained. But now all that is changed in certain popular counties, and especially in the neighbourhood of London and the great manufacturing cities. Any number of fast City gentlemen who, though they call themselves sporting men, are nothing of sportsmen, run out from the counting-house of a morning by rail to indulge in a promiscuous gallop. Scratch squadrons of very irregular cavalry gather in their numbers at overgrown meets, and if they are not much given to charging the fences indiscriminately, they ride recklessly over everything else. Gaps are widened; banks are broken down; gates are torn off their hinges; the shooting winter wheat is ruthlessly trampled under hoof. To no one are these casual visitors more objectionable than to the masters they honour with their presence. They ride as freely over the hounds as over the wheat; they head back the foxes and crowd out the members of the hunt; while the hunt officials have no means of identifying them, and, as a rule, they pay no subscription. The Duke of Beaufort expressed himself very frankly as to their conduct the other day, and Lord Willoughby de Broke has written strongly on the subject from Warwickshire. The difficulty is to suggest an effectual remedy for the abuse; for, after all, successful hunting, like smooth political debating, must depend chiefly upon gentlemanlike feeling, which in the hunting field, as in Parliament, may be conspicuously absent. But it is certain, now that the farmers have the whip-hand of the landowners, that the former will not continue to put up with a state of things which does them no little damage and is intolerably irritating. Already we hear that the graziers of Cheshire threaten to combine in self-defence, and it is impossible not to sympathize with them. Thanks to the cattle plague and the competition of the American dairy companies, they have had far more than their fair share of troubles. And they can hardly be expected to feel delighted by the visit of the

illustrious Imperial lady who has descended among them, since it is said that sixty expatriated Irish cavaliers propose to bring their studs and follow in her train, while the Cheshire contingents are always swelled by mobs of cockney sportsmen from the neighbouring commercial and manufacturing cities. A nuisance which would be bad enough under any circumstances is aggravated beyond all endurance when the meets are incessant, and it is possible that this unprecedentedly genial winter may leave a permanent blight on the English hunting fields.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

FROM the pleasant tone of the discussions reported in the volume of the Transactions which has lately appeared, the members of the Institution of Naval Architects seem to be well content with themselves and with the world they live in. That their views and discourse should be cheerful is but natural, for the craft of which they are the guiding spirits has, at a time when most trades were still suffering from prolonged depression, prospered beyond all precedent. Only the other day the enormous increase in the shipbuilding which took place in 1881 was pointed out, and even early in the year the increase must certainly have been a very agreeable fact for naval architects to contemplate. Other facts there are which perhaps are not quite so agreeable to contemplate, and seem to indicate that there is considerable room for improvement yet in the practical work of naval architecture; but when a trade is in so marvellously thriving a condition, it is not wonderful that the principal men connected with it should look only at the pleasant side of things, and should show a little not unpardonable self-complacency.

The papers which gave rise to these cheerful debates, and form the bulk of the present volume, deal with many subjects and vary very greatly in value. Some are well worthy of attention; others might, to say the least, have been shortened with advantage, while others might have been omitted altogether without any very great loss either to the professional or general reader. To the last category belongs a paper on the *Livadia*, a vessel of which quite enough has been said, and in which it is hard to believe that any one can now take the smallest interest. In direct contrast to this very unnecessary production is the extremely practical paper by Mr. Samuda with which the series begins. Mr. Samuda built for the Argentine Government, and set afloat last year, an armoured corvette which is certainly a very interesting vessel both as representing the latest type of small ironclad, or rather iron and steelclad, and as being a fine specimen of what can be done in private yards. She differs, it appears, from every other separate war-ship afloat in being constructed entirely of steel and coated with steel-faced armour similar to that which has been placed on the turrets of the *Invincible*. The consequent gain has been very great, and, though mention has already been made of it in various journals, there is no harm in drawing attention to it again, as it is a fact which demonstrates in a very striking manner the importance of the latest step made in naval architecture. An iron built and armoured vessel of the same armament, defensive strength, and proportionate coal-carrying power would have been twenty feet longer, five feet broader, and of one thousand tons more displacement than the steel vessel. A huge improvement has, therefore, been made in the construction of war vessels; and in connexion with this matter it should not be forgotten, seeing how much the Admiralty is generally abused, that the present chief of the constructive staff was one of the first to advocate the use of steel in shipbuilding, and that the same official, though he did not invent, at once perceived the merit of, steel-faced plates.

Cognate to Mr. Samuda's paper, in so far as it bears on the advantages of the stronger material, is that by Mr. Ravenhill on "The Increased Use of Steel in Shipbuilding." The progress which he has to record is in its way as remarkable as anything in the industrial annals of England. The *Jason*, built in 1859, appears to have been the first vessel constructed of steel. In 1860 and 1861 Messrs. Money Wigram and Messrs. Samuda built for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company the *Samphire*, *Maid of Kent*, *Scud*, *Foam*, and *Petrol*. These vessels were, we believe, perfectly satisfactory; but still the example of the Company was not followed, and for many years no impetus was given to the manufacture of steel for shipbuilding. In 1875 Mr. Barnaby called on steel-makers to provide him with fitting material wherewith to construct the fast vessels which the Admiralty had determined to build. The severe requirements of Whitehall were complied with; but private builders continued to look askance at steel, and in 1878 only five steel steamships, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,929 tons, were classed on Lloyd's register. In the two next, however, came a great bound. In 1879 there were six steamers classed, the aggregate tonnage being 12,473, or more than four times that of the preceding year, and in 1880 there were seventeen classed, while the tonnage of 1879 was more than doubled. This was a great and rapid increase, but it was small when compared with what followed, as from the returns made to Lloyd's up to December 1880 it appeared that there were in course of construction at that date thirty-four steam-vessels, with an aggregate of 111,467 tons. Even making allowance for the fact that these vessels were not all to come under survey, and that the figures may not therefore represent the actual increase, the rate of progress and the rapid creation of a large steel fleet are most astonishing; and there can be little doubt that a prophecy made some time ago will be fulfilled, and that steel

will supersede iron as completely as iron has superseded wood. It is not merely in the construction of hulls that the stronger substance has been so largely introduced. It has for some time been used for boilers, and is being more and more used for machinery. A table supplied to Mr. Ravenhill by the Chief Engineer of the Admiralty shows the really astounding saving in weight which is effected by substituting cast steel for cast iron. From this it appears that the steel piston of the *Leander* weighs 32 cwt., and the iron piston of the *Audacious*, which is the same size, 50 cwt., and that the two steel pistons of the *Espiegle* have a mean weight of 8½ cwt., and the iron pistons of the *Pegasus* and *Dragon* a mean weight of 11½ cwt. In other portions of the machinery there may not be the same gain; but the advantage is enormous, and steel will doubtless oust iron for machinery as well as for ships. It must not, however, be thought that all difficulties are overcome. Naval architects have grappled boldly with the problems they had to face, and have solved them; but the manufacturer has not solved all the problems which were put before him, and one very grave difficulty has yet to be overcome. The cost of steel is still too high. With some classes of vessels, which form a large proportion of our merchant fleet, it does not yet pay to build in steel, in spite of the increased cargo-carrying power which is obtained by the use of this metal. Respecting cost Mr. Ravenhill says hardly anything; but, unfortunately, shipowners have to think about cost a great deal, and further reduction is needed before steel can be generally used.

With men-of-war, on the other hand, outlay is comparatively unimportant; and, seeing the immense advantages which steel offers, it may be assumed that shortly no iron will be used in war-ships, except what is required for the compound plates. There is happily no reason to fear any sluggishness in this matter, as the Admiralty has certainly not been inactive hitherto. Unfortunately, however, a rival Admiralty has of late been quite as active, and even seems to have done a little more than ours. From a paper in the Transactions, translated from the French by Mr. Merrifield, it appears that the French take enormous trouble in testing and manipulating the mild steel used for their war-ships, and that in some respects their processes are superior to ours. The writer of the paper observes that the result of the conditions required for steel to be used in the French navy "has been to furnish it with steel plates and bars having an actual tensile strength very considerably in excess of those of the similar pieces of steel which are used for the same works in the building yards of Great Britain," and that this is not purchased at the cost of a reduction of ductility in the steel employed. Objection has hitherto been felt to a very great tensile strength; but if it can be maintained without any sacrifice of ductility this objection can hardly be maintained. Mr. W. H. White, of the Admiralty, the well-known writer on naval architecture, admitted, in the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Merrifield's paper, that the French were in some ways ahead of us, for he said that it was "an undoubted advantage for the French, especially in the arsenal of Toulon, to have started afresh. They created the plant with which they are working the steel almost absolutely, and that plant is almost entirely hydraulic, plant which does the work cold in a very admirable way"; and he further said that the French have gone beyond us "in the production of finished sections." The question which immediately suggests itself is, Why have they been allowed to go beyond us, and why has not plant been created, if necessary, for our dockyards? The French were building in iron as we were before steel was introduced, and if we have been deterred by the fear of outlay which they were ready to incur, a most unwise economy has assuredly been practised. At a time when the formidable strength of the French navy has just been pointed out, it is not a little disheartening to find that their method of shipbuilding is in some respects superior to ours.

Mr. White had to give other rather disagreeable information in one of the two papers which he has contributed to the present volume of the Transactions. Both are, as might be expected from the attainments of the writer, of great value. In the first he deals with the stability of merchant ships. Having obtained the necessary data respecting certain vessels, he caused some of his pupils at the Royal Naval College to calculate their curves of stability at different draughts. The result is not altogether encouraging, and justifies Mr. White's mild remark that perhaps too little attention has been given to stability in designing merchant ships. Thus he shows that one steamer carrying cargo and a few passengers has, when empty, but with her boilers full, the metacentre below the centre of gravity, so that she cannot stand up or be shifted without ballast; and that, if deeply laden with a homogeneous cargo, and without ballast, she would only just stand upright. Speaking of another steamer of good speed, built for carrying cargo and passengers, Mr. White shows that, when laden down to 23 feet with a homogeneous cargo, she would be in a similar condition to that just mentioned, and that without cargo or ballast she could not stand up. These are unpleasant facts, if the two vessels are to be regarded as in any way typical, and not unnaturally the naval architects in council assembled were somewhat moved by Mr. White's statements. It is permissible to suppose that his excellent paper was intended as a gentle hint to some of his professional brethren who always show great readiness to criticize Admiralty designs that the designs of merchant ships are by no means perfect; and that, without the slightest fear of wasting their time, they might advantageously concentrate their abilities on their own special work. Mr. White's other paper, on the rolling of sailing ships, is of great value, and marks a distinct

step; but unfortunately its purport cannot be briefly given, and, indeed, it cannot be treated at all without the statement of a long train of mathematical reasoning, which would far exceed the space at our command, and would perhaps scarcely be in place in these columns.

For information on this and kindred subjects the reader naturally seeks the pages of the Transactions; but he hardly turns to it for articles of the lighter kind. An article of this sort, however, and containing information which must interest all, is to be found in the present volume. Mr. Colin Archer contributes a technical and a popular description of a Viking's galley which was discovered last summer in a grave-mound at Gogstad, near Sandefjord. Many of these vessels have been found at various times, but this is apparently in better condition than any yet discovered. She seems to have been extremely well constructed, though very lightly fastened; and on looking at the plan of her it is impossible not to be struck by the beauty of her form. Indeed in some respects her lines seem to resemble those of a modern yacht, though of course she has nothing like the draught of water which a yacht would have, being flat-bottomed. Some of the drawings referred to in the paper are not given, but the reader can do without them, as the vessel is very fully and clearly described. A more singular relic of the past does not perhaps exist; and it is most curious to read an account of it in a book which is full of accounts of the results achieved in our days by naval science. By a quaint reversal of the historical order of things the paper that tells of the Viking's galley comes at the end of the volume, which begins with a description of the latest type of ironclad.

THE ELECTRIC EXHIBITION AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SOME time before the closing of the Electric Exhibition at Paris the managers of the Crystal Palace decided to have one at Sydenham. This scheme met with a good deal of opposition at first. It was maintained that at least one or two years should elapse before anything of the kind was attempted, and it was further prophesied that exhibitors would not be willing to undertake the trouble or go to the expense of another exhibition following directly on that at Paris. However, defenders of the scheme were not wanting, who put forward the view that, as the exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie had its main interest in the more modern practical applications of electricity, another similar display in England would be of interest and value to many whose knowledge of the science, and whose interest in the subject, had not been great enough to induce them to undertake a journey to Paris last autumn. As to the objection due to the unwillingness of exhibitors, at first it appeared as if it had no foundation in fact, for within a very few weeks so many applications had been made that the whole of the vast space at the disposal of the managers of the exhibition had been allotted, but then for many weeks there was cause for some fear that the exhibition would not take place. Time went on, but no exhibits arrived, and there seemed to be no activity on the part of the exhibitors. No doubt the fact that the Paris Exhibition was kept open much later than had been expected had much to do with the delay. However, just after Christmas the Postal Department, the British Electric Light and Power Generator Company, and Mr. Edison's representatives had advanced so far in their work as to inspire a feeling of rivalry, and now the exhibition is rapidly advancing towards completion.

In discussing the value of the display which we may now hope to see at Sydenham, there is one point which has been too much overlooked. At present we know but little quantitatively about the elements which go to make up a complete system of electric light or of electric transmission of energy. In the case of a lighting system its economy and efficiency is some function of several variables,—the form of dynamo and its speed; the form of motor which drives it; the form of lamp, and the general distribution of the resistances of the different parts of the circuit. This must be determined by accurate measurements of each part and of the general result of the whole. Now the jury at Paris were fully alive to the importance of these measurements, and had made arrangements for taking them, and had actually begun the work, when political events induced M. Cocheret to demand the award of the jury at once. Their awards being made, the jury ceased to have any official status; and though many valuable observations were made after the award, they will most probably not be published. Now, at the Crystal Palace, if the jury have not the high status of Government commissioners, at all events they need not fear that their work will be cut short by any rumour of a change of Ministry, and we may therefore hope that England will have the honour of first making and publishing these important investigations. As we have said, this important use to which the Sydenham Exhibition may be put has been but too little noticed, probably because the failure and break-down at Paris was eclipsed by the general brilliant success of the exhibition at the Palais de l'Industrie. Another opportunity for doing useful work has been offered to the management of the Crystal Palace by the Catalogue of the exhibition. We have before referred to the confusion and uselessness of the French Catalogue. The plan adopted at Sydenham seems all that could be wished. The catalogue itself is arranged purely by classes with somewhat full descriptions of the exhibits. There are five

plans of different parts of the building, with references to the names of the exhibitors, and an alphabetical index of names with references to the class of the exhibits, the page of the catalogue on which they are described, and the part of the building in which they are to be found. By this arrangement any exhibit can be at once localized from the catalogue, or the description of any exhibit be at once found. The Company must be congratulated on having excluded the disgraceful puffs of certain exhibits which disfigured the French Official Catalogue of the Exhibition in Paris. Only ordinary advertisements are to be found in the English catalogue, and these in their proper place—on advertisement pages at the end of the book.

If the promises of the exhibitors are carried out with tolerable completeness, there can be little doubt that the Sydenham exhibition will prove to be of even greater interest, as far as the practical development of electric engineering is concerned, than that at Paris. We had occasion to point out that curious Government delays and hesitations had prevented England from being quite so well represented at the Palais de l'Industrie as she might have been, in spite of the active exertions of the Society of Telegraph Engineers and of Electricians, of the Society of Arts, and of the British Commissioners. We may hope for fuller representation now; and, from the construction of the Crystal Palace, a much better opportunity of comparing the lights will be given than at Paris. Each of the courts is to be devoted to one system only. The systems will thus be isolated, and their general effect can be studied without confusion. As yet, no plan has been put forward for instituting lectures, followed by peripatetic demonstrations, which had so great a success at Paris; but perhaps some such scheme may be set on foot later on. But, even should this not be the case, it may be hoped that the example set by the Post Office and the South-Eastern Railway Company may be followed by other exhibitors, both of the exhibits in question having attendants who are qualified to explain the instruments, and who from time to time show some of them in action. The want of attendants, and the difficulty of getting information about the instruments exhibited, was, as we pointed out at the time, one of the most serious defects in the arrangements at the Palais de l'Industrie.

The British War Department, who sent nothing to Paris, have consented to exhibit at the Crystal Palace; and great interest is felt amongst electricians in this opportunity of studying our methods of field telegraphy and our application generally of electricity to the art of war, especially as it is believed that our War Department is far ahead of those of other nations in such matters. This exhibit is now arriving and will be ready for inspection in a few days. It is to be regretted that the information about it has been delayed, so that no description of it appears in the first edition of the catalogue. It is also to be hoped that, in addition to the exhibition of Professor Pacinotti's instruments, which seem to anticipate some of the best modern types of dynamo-machines, an English exhibitor will come forward and show that the idea of the "ring armature" had occurred to him many years before even the Italian invention. As the exhibition of these instruments, together with the resuscitation of their forgotten publication, may have a grave effect on some valuable patent rights, we may expect much interest to be taken in them, and we shall probably have to endure much polemical discussion about them.

No doubt we shall see some evidence of progress since the date of the opening of the Paris Exhibition, though the time has been so short that, even with the rapid advance of this branch of practical science, we cannot hope to see very much that is new. It is well known that Mr. Crookes has been doing some valuable work in incandescent lighting, but as yet we do not know whether he will have completed his patents and fully developed his system in time to exhibit his results at the Crystal Palace; but from what little is known about his experiments in scientific circles, there can be no doubt that his improvements are most important, and that an exhibition of his system would be very attractive. As Mr. Edison is the first to be ready to exhibit an incandescent light at Sydenham, we are naturally anxious that our English inventors in the same field of practical work should be well represented, especially as Mr. Edison has arranged to give the most effective display possible in the building, having lighted the whole of the concert-room with his incandescent lamps.

Some objections have been raised as to the time of year selected for the exhibition at the Crystal Palace. But the winter has the great advantage of giving early darkness, so that the electric lights, which are the most interesting part of the display to the general public, can be exhibited quite early in the evening, and visitors can see them and yet get back to London in time for their evening engagements. In the summer months it would hardly be possible to exhibit the lights until eight or nine o'clock in the evening. On the whole, then, we may safely say that, in all probability, the Electric Exhibition at the Crystal Palace will be very interesting even to those who were in Paris last autumn; and that, if the managers take pains to get a good jury and give them full powers, it may complete in some most important particulars the work which was begun but interrupted last year.

THE RAILWAY KINGS OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE election last week of a Board of Directors of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company gives a fresh and striking illustration of the great power and the grandiose conceptions of the American Railway Kings. It will perhaps be in the recollection of some of our readers that Mr. Gowen was for many years the President, or, as we should call him in England, the Chairman, of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. In that capacity he bought an immense tract of iron and coal land in the State of Pennsylvania, and by so doing plunged the railway in irretrievable difficulties. When the great depression that followed the New York panic of 1873 put an end for a while to nearly all railway construction, the prices of iron and coal fell ruinously; and at last the Philadelphia and Reading Company, being unable to renew its bills, was obliged to stop payment, and went into the hands of receivers. Messrs. McCalmont, the London agents of the Company, and by far its largest shareholders, had previously supported Mr. Gowen's schemes; but they were unable to give their approval to the plans he proposed for the reorganization of the Company, and there followed between him and them a sharp controversy carried on in the newspapers, by pamphlets, and at public meetings. The controversy became so bitter that last year Messrs. McCalmont put up a candidate of their own in opposition to Mr. Gowen for the Presidency, and he was elected. But Mr. Gowen, who, whatever else he may be, is a man of energy, daring, and perseverance, immediately set about reversing this decision. He made several journeys to and fro across the Atlantic, addressed various meetings here in London, and finally, last week, he succeeded in again recovering control of the railway. He was enabled to do this mainly by the support of Mr. Vanderbilt. Messrs. McCalmont, as last year, steadily voted for Mr. Bond; but Mr. Gowen was able to secure considerable support from the new shareholders who came in during the past twelve months; and, above all, he gained the support of Mr. Vanderbilt, who in the twelve months obtained possession of about half as many shares as Messrs. McCalmont hold. We have no intention here to enter into the quarrel between Messrs. McCalmont and Mr. Gowen. Nor do we propose to consider the past government of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company. Our chief object in referring to the matter at all is to direct attention to the extraordinary position to which the so-called "Railway Kings" in the United States have been able to raise themselves, and the gigantic plans they conceive and carry out.

Mr. Vanderbilt, as some of our readers are no doubt aware, is the President of the New York Central Railroad Company, and is one of the most conspicuous of the Railway Kings. He inherited his great position from his father, and upon the whole he has used his power moderately. The line of which he is by far the largest shareholder, and of which he has absolute control, connects New York City with the eastern end of Lake Erie. It runs for some distance along the bank of the Hudson River, and it passes through the chief towns of the great State of New York—a State with nearly as large a population as that of Ireland, and one that is steadily growing. The railway also has a branch connexion with the City of Boston. Thus it serves the richest and most populous district of the United States, and one which is destined to become year by year still more populous and still richer. It has in consequence a very large and a very valuable local traffic, both from passengers and from goods, and one that will of course increase with the growth of the district through which the line passes. The line is the best built and the best managed, perhaps, of all the American railways. It has a double set of rails, laid down, we believe, the whole way, or at any rate the greater part of the way, with steel. The length of the line is about a thousand miles; its capital about 26 millions sterling; and its gross earnings about six millions sterling a year. Connected with this great line, and also under the control of Mr. Vanderbilt, is the Canada Southern, a line which skirts Lake Erie on the northern or Canadian side. It is somewhat over 400 miles in length; has a capital of about 5½ millions sterling; earns a gross income of about 600,000*l.* a year, and a net income of about 120,000*l.* Lastly, connecting the extreme end of the Canada Southern with Chicago is the Michigan Central, likewise under the control of Mr. Vanderbilt. It is 800 miles long; has a capital of about 8½ millions sterling; earns gross about 1½ million sterling a year, and net about 400,000*l.* Thus the whole length of this great system is about 2,200 miles; the united capitals about 40 millions sterling; and the gross revenues not far short of 8½ millions sterling a year. And this vast system is absolutely controlled by Mr. Vanderbilt. Of course Mr. Vanderbilt does not own the whole of the capital. Part of it consists of stock which is held largely in Europe as well as in America, and part of it consists of bonds of various kinds. But Mr. Vanderbilt is by far the largest shareholder. Friends upon whose proxies he can rely with complete confidence hold other large blocks; so that in actual fact he is as much master of this great system of lines as if it were his own personal property. The influence and power given by this absolute control of a gross revenue of nearly 8½ millions sterling a year may be more easily imagined than described; and consequently Mr. Vanderbilt is one of the most powerful persons in the United States. At the present time he is claiming to be the protector of the great city of New York, telling the citizens that their interests are threatened

seriously by the competition of Philadelphia and Baltimore, and would be severely injured were it not for his intervention. And, in fact, he is engaged in warfare with the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio Railways, which serve Philadelphia and Baltimore respectively, and he declares that he will not make peace with them until they do justice to the trade of New York. It is unnecessary to inquire whether this contest is entirely unselfish on the part of Mr. Vanderbilt; we mention the fact only to show how great is the position occupied by him in the United States, when he is not only able to pose as the protector of the chief city, but is accepted as such by the Chamber of Commerce and other representatives of trade in New York, while the citizens are prepared to back him up in any substantial manner that may be necessary.

We have said that the New York Central has a very large and valuable and a constantly growing local traffic, and it has also an immense through traffic. In other words, it is one of the great railways which connect the grain-growing districts of the North-West with the Atlantic seaboard. It connects, as we have already shown, Chicago with New York, and it carries a large portion of the grain and other agricultural produce which is forwarded from Chicago to the older or Eastern States, and also to Europe. In the latter portion of the trade, that with Europe, it has for competitors four other great lines—the Grand Trunk of Canada, the Erie, the Pennsylvania, and the Baltimore and Ohio. Quite lately a fifth competitor has appeared in the field—the Wabash—though this system is not yet quite complete. And in the summer season it has also to meet the competition of the lakes and canals. Heretofore the traffic between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard has not been sufficient to give full employment to these various railways. Whenever there has been a short harvest in the United States, or an abundant harvest in Europe, the traffic has proved deficient, and there has followed a struggle between the great railways. To remedy this state of things the various Railway Kings entered into what is called a "pooling arrangement," for an equitable division of the aggregate earnings among the different lines. But the extraordinary abundance of the American harvests for the three or four years preceding 1881, the miserably deficient harvests in Europe, and especially the continued failure of the crops in Russia, made the trade so good in the United States that railway proprietors were encouraged to bring forward proposals for constructing new lines to compete with the old. Mr. Vanderbilt thus found last year that not only was he sharing with his old competitors profits which he might largely have retained for himself, but that he was also encouraging new competitors to come forward and demand their share. Accordingly the pooling arrangement was put an end to, and a "war of rates," as it is called, followed, which has been particularly keen between the New York Central, on the one side, and the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore and Ohio on the other. One of the objects of Mr. Vanderbilt of late has been to cripple these two competitors. Some few months ago he suddenly surprised the American public by obtaining possession of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railroad, an immense line connecting Cleveland at the western end of Lake Erie with Cincinnati and St. Louis, and thus opening up a new and very rich country to the system of railways previously controlled by him. Expectation has been since on tiptoe as to his next move, and last week it took place at the Philadelphia and Reading election. He had quietly purchased about eighty-five thousand shares of this Company, and, casting the whole vote thus acquired in favour of Mr. Gowen, he has placed him once more in control of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. The question is asked very keenly, What is Mr. Vanderbilt's object in this new step? and the answer seems to be plain enough. In the first place, as we have already said, the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company is the owner of the finest coal-field in the United States. It has the main control of the trade in anthracite coal, which is very much in demand for domestic purposes in the United States because of its smokeless character. By allying himself with the Philadelphia and Reading line, Mr. Vanderbilt obtains access to this great coal-field, and adds a new and valuable traffic to his old system. Especially it has been found difficult to obtain return traffic for the cars required to bring from the West to New York the heavy traffic in grain and other agricultural produce, the goods sent from New York to the West being mostly manufactured goods or groceries and the like, which are comparatively of small compass. But this new traffic now opened up will enable Mr. Vanderbilt to send to the West an article which is there in good demand; and as his cars will thus obtain a paying freight both ways, he will be able to carry grain and other agricultural produce from the West at a cheaper rate than heretofore. Another object is to strike a blow at the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Philadelphia and Reading will give Mr. Vanderbilt a line connecting New York with Philadelphia itself, and it will thus enable him to compete with the Pennsylvania Railroad through the great State of Pennsylvania and through New Jersey. The Pennsylvania had previously invaded his domain in New England, and he retorts now by invading the very centre of the Pennsylvania district. Still another object is to carry the competition with the Pennsylvania to the West. It is said to be the intention of Mr. Gowen to connect the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, which is now a local line, mainly dependent upon its coal traffic, with the West, and then to compete throughout the whole route with the Pennsylvania.

The evidence afforded in the course of a few months of

Mr. Vanderbilt's command over almost limitless resources, by his absorption of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway, and now by his purchase of sufficient shares to dispose of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, while retaining control of his own old system, affords striking proof of the power of one of these great Railway Kings. But Mr. Vanderbilt is by no means supreme in the United States. Mr. Roberts, for example, is equally absolute over the Pennsylvania system; and so is Mr. Garrett over the Baltimore and Ohio; while Mr. Jay Gould surpasses them all in the vastness of his plans and the extent of the railways over which he rules. In the Wabash alone Mr. Gould has a system more extensive than the New York Central; he has control over nearly the whole of the railways to the west of the Mississippi; he has been extending his influence far and wide in the South-West, and he is making a great line in Mexico. His whole system, in short, must reach, if it does not exceed, ten thousand miles. In addition, he has control of almost the whole of the telegraph system of the United States and Canada. He is engaged in laying down two new cables between the United States and Europe, and he is preparing to lay down a cable between the United States and Brazil. Thus he is not only the greatest of Railway Kings, but he is also the greatest of Telegraph Kings in the world. Beyond all this, he is engaged in multitudinous speculations. How is it that in the United States individual capitalists are able to obtain this extraordinary power over the means of communication? Partly it arises out of the necessity imposed upon Americans to associate together for every purpose which they require to execute. There does not exist in the United States, as there does in England and in most old countries, a learned and wealthy class, which naturally takes the lead in any great movement; it is necessary for men to combine together whenever an enterprise is to be undertaken, and naturally the man who is willing to take the labour upon himself, and who has the greatest skill and greatest boldness, soon obtains the lead in all such associations. Besides this, credit being highly developed in the United States, whilst there was not until lately a large fund available for permanent investment, it was necessary to apply to Europe for all great financial operations. The railways, for example, were built mainly, or at least very largely, by means of European funds; but they were started in the first place by what we now call syndicates, or associations of capitalists who undertook to bring them before the public. These associations subscribed sufficient money to make a start, and the habit of thus associating and clubbing funds together has no doubt disposed the American money market to give to men like Mr. Gould any credit he requires, and thus enable him to obtain control of whatever undertakings he wishes to carry out. At any rate, however the fact may be explained, there it is unquestionably. A few private persons control almost the whole railway system of the United States, and are now in possession of the telegraphic system also.

THE CYNIC

ONE of the most interesting events that have occurred for a considerable time in the records of the London stage was the production on Saturday last at the Globe Theatre of Mr. Herman Merivale's play *The Cynic*, which had been previously heard of under the name of *The Lovers*. Under yet another name, *The Modern Faust*, it was performed a short time ago at a provincial theatre, this particular performance being given for copyright reasons in connexion with a novel which the author, reversing the usual process, has founded on the play and is about to bring out. Any play by Mr. Merivale would be sure to excite interest and command attention, and this play certainly ranks with his best prose work, and is perhaps in many respects the best piece of work that he has done in this line. The characters are, for the most part, well marked and real; the scenes have, up to the end, an increasing interest; and the dialogue, at once strong and brilliant, is, as might have been expected, distinguished by special excellence and naturalness of style. As to the construction, we are disposed to regret that the author has changed the catastrophe which he had at first provided, but this is a matter as to which there is a good deal to be said on both sides. Again, it may be doubted whether Mr. Merivale was wise in drawing attention at the outset to the connexion between his play and *Faust*, inasmuch as it led some people to expect an impossible parallel between the two, and to resent the very ingenuity with which Mr. Merivale fitted his "shadow of an old legend" to the requirements of a comedy of manners. It has, however, given occasion for a good deal of curious writing about *Faust*, and has drawn from one writer his expression of the remarkable belief that Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust* was habitually attended by a poodle.

The Cynic opens in the rooms of Count Lestrangle, and almost immediately Lady Luscombe comes upon the stage. Some lines from her first soliloquy may serve to explain much that follows. Left alone while Lestrangle's man goes to look for him, she says:—"I must make one more effort before I leave town, hopeless as it seems. My letters! If he would only give me back my letters! Fool that I was to be so led on! But that man would lead on anybody to do what he wishes with his strange eyes, his strange talk, his fatal fascination. With any one else I shouldn't feel afraid, I think. But with him I always do. There is a sense of

danger in his look and smile; and I don't believe he has ever forgiven my dead husband's will, which leaves me all his money, but penniless if I marry Lestrangle. It was a cruel clause, but it went home. And this adventurer fascinates me still. Do I love him or hate him, I wonder? I know that I fear him." It is in one way a pity that this speech should follow so close upon the rising of the curtain; for, if it is missed or imperfectly heard, the compact which ensues between Lady Luscombe and Lestrangle may well seem inexplicable. On his entrance she at once asks him for the letters; he replies that he keeps them because he cares for her; and she retorts that he must have forgotten "that, under my own eyes, you made love to my own ward Daisy Brent," a grass-widow, with a bad husband in India. Presently, by way of a joke suggested by Shylock, Lestrangle offers to make a bet with Lady Luscombe that Daisy will elope before the end of the year, his stakes being the letters—Lady Luscombe's, 10,000*l.* The notion arouses a natural repugnance in Lady Luscombe; but she is overcome by Lestrangle's "fatal fascination," and is so strong in her confidence in Daisy that she tells him, more than half believing what she says, that this is, after all, a way of giving her back the letters. On his side Lestrangle owes, as he thinks, a double debt of vengeance to Daisy Brent, and is besides terribly hard up. The bet is made; a brightly-written scene follows with Daisy and her brother, who have come to call for Lady Luscombe; and then Lestrangle, left alone, proceeds to lay his plans. He knows of the existence of an old lover of Daisy's, a certain Guy Fautit, who has taken to living a recluse life on a pittance in a cottage near Luscombe Abbey, and he also knows that he has a rich uncle, who is likely to die soon and to leave Guy all his money. While he is amusing himself with the notion of presenting himself in some Mephistophelean way—he has the nickname of Satan Lestrangle—to Fautit, news arrives that the uncle is at the point of death, and the curtain falls upon Lestrangle telling his man Chaffers to prepare for a visit to Luscombe Abbey. This act, it will be seen, depends almost entirely on Lestrangle; and here, as throughout the piece, nothing could well be better than Mr. Hermann Vezin's acting. The part, indeed, might well have been written for him, though as a matter of fact we believe it was not—so well does he fit it with incisive and sardonic utterance, with carefully-managed gesture that seems to suggest hidden power, and with exactly the air of strangeness and mystery that the character demands. Without any eccentricity that can be pointed to beyond his fondness for dressing in black with a scarlet tie and handkerchief, he yet conveys the notion that he stands apart from the other characters—that he is "not one of them, though I live with them and by them; and they know it, and so do I, and I hate them for it, brainless puppets that they all are!" In this act Miss Litton gives a very bright and pretty rendering of Daisy. Miss Louise Willes plays the difficult part of Lady Luscombe with discretion, and Mr. Beck makes a life-like figure of the soldier brother.

The second act shows us Guy Fautit sitting amid some ruins close to his retreat near Luscombe Abbey, where he is disturbed by a visit from Jemmy Gosling, who is an old pupil of his at Oxford, who has always kept up an affectionate feeling for him, and who is a guest at Luscombe Abbey. He tries to get Fautit—Clipper Fautit, as he used to be called; Foster, as he now chooses to call himself—to join a picnic from Luscombe, which is about to be held on the very spot where Fautit is sitting and reading the Second Part of *Faust*. Fautit thanks him for the warning, and proposes to keep well out of the way. Presently, after Gosling's temporary disappearance, enters Count Lestrangle, who has managed to time and arrange his appearance so that it falls in capitally with his notion of assuming a Mephistophelean air. His arts accomplish what the persuasion of the good-hearted, weak-headed Gosling has been unable to effect. He surprises Fautit with the knowledge of his career which he displays; he keeps him in talk until Daisy, making a parallel to the vision of Marguerite in the opera (not, it may be observed, in Goethe), appears at the back of the scene, and he finally sends Fautit back to his cottage in charge of Chaffers (the poodle of the ingenious writer already referred to), who is to see to getting rid of his unnaturally aged appearance, and make him look as like the old Clipper Fautit as possible. After this there is some lively talk at the pic-nic—it is a pity that all pic-nics are not equally lively—and the curtain falls upon Daisy's recognition of her old lover, Guy Fautit. In this act Miss Litton improves the impression which she has already made; Mr. Vezin is even more easily diabolical than before; and Mr. Dacre plays Fautit, or Foster, with more success than he has before attained. His intention is obviously correct, and his power of conveying his meaning to the audience has certainly improved; but he has still to overcome some stiffness and constraint of bearing and intonation. Other characters who appear in the pic-nic scene are well played. Miss Meredith makes a figure at once natural and pleasing of Carrie Beaufort; Miss Goldney plays well as Emily Challoner; Mr. Fisher gives a clever sketch of Lord Roscherville; Mr. Selten is only a trifle too life-like in his slowness as Sir Brummell Coates; and Mr. Hamilton produces an excellent rendering of Jemmy Gosling, with his natural mixture of good-heartedness and slanginess. Mr. Dacre, it may be noted, looks too young after his transformation. His age is set down as thirty-six, and no doubt the skill of Chaffers may have reduced this by a few years; but, even so, the actor's make-up was too juvenile.

The third act, which corresponds more or less to the garden scene in *Faust*, passes after dinner in the conservatory at Luscombe Abbey,

where Guy Faucit is now staying as a guest. Here, again, we have some capital written comedy talk to set off the darker interest of Lestrangle's villainous schemes. These are worked up in two scenes between Daisy and Guy, in which he learns for the first time the full extent of the wrongdoing of the husband to whom she was married—as girls are constantly married in novels and plays, and too often in real life—to save her family from ruin, and at the end of which he resists the temptation of asking her to find with him a shelter from the brutality of her husband and the cruelty of the world in which she lives. Here, however, he is overmatched by Lestrangle, who so arranges matters that after Lady Luscombe, influenced by him, has spoken to Daisy of the scandal likely to be caused by her intimacy with Guy, and after a scene in which she has spoken to Guy of this, she is found in the presence of witnesses fainting in his arms. This act, written with much fineness and strength, makes strong demands upon the players. Miss Litton, as Daisy, has to show us the true-hearted woman who lives under the mask of light and slangy talk and manner, and she succeeds in doing so admirably. Mr. Dacre has to express an equally strong emotion; and if, as we have said, there is something to be desired in his look and manner, he at least avoids any spoiling of the strong situation. Mr. Vezin's acting rises in its quiet and telling devilishness to the exigencies of the scene, and the parts of pure comedy are, as before, well done.

In the last act Daisy, whose reputation has been seriously touched by the Luscombe Abbey scandal, is living, by Lestrangle's seemingly friendly advice, in retirement in a small village near Luscombe. Lestrangle, who, as on former occasions, has watched his opportunity with extraordinary care, has so arranged matters that Daisy and Guy are discovered together in the presence of the Luscombe Abbey party and of Captain Fairfield, Daisy's brother, in such a way that the inference that Guy has been well acquainted with Daisy's whereabouts since she left Luscombe is plausible enough. As a matter of fact, Guy has been more anxious than any one to know what has become of her; but circumstances are too strong for truth. The brother casts her off; the Luscombe party dismiss the case with conventional expressions of a worldly feeling; and, but for an accident which is perhaps a little too accidental, it might be all up with Daisy's career. But Lady Luscombe, although still under Lestrangle's "fatal fascination" to some extent, is filled with horror at the result of a scheme which he had assured her would be harmless enough, and she possesses herself of a telegram announcing the death of Daisy's husband, which Lestrangle has feloniously stopped, and which he stupidly enough drops out of his pocket. With this weapon the good principle in the end overcomes the evil, and Lestrangle takes himself off to some place "where there is less law about—say Asia Minor or Ireland." The conclusion seems lame in comparison with the original catastrophe. As the play first stood, an old sexton—very well played by Mr. A. Wood—was the means of conveying a sense of impending terror by his talk about the weather, which reminded him of the winter thunderstorm of ever so many years ago, which caused the death of the worst character in the village. The mutterings of a storm were heard as he spoke, and, as in some of Musset's plays, the mind of the spectator was artfully prepared for some infusion of telling tragedy into the catastrophe of the play. It may be argued that *The Cynic* is in the main a comedy, and demands a comedy retribution for the villain. But, on the other hand, it is not pure comedy; it is the mixed comedy which Musset handled better than any one else has done; and we cannot but think it unfortunate that Mr. Merivale should have shrunk at the last from following the example set by the French poet and dramatist. Lestrangle is as complete a villain as any dramatist has dared to show in modern life, and his punishment in the last act is not, as the play stands, in any way equal to his offence. However, the piece as now given, with the catastrophe which seems to us inadequate, is an exceptionally fine play exceptionally well acted.

REVIEWS.

GAIRDNER AND SPEDDING'S STUDIES IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

THESE *Studies in English History* are not the joint work of these two authors, nor can they even be said to have a common object, except the general one which is expressed in their title. They are reprints of papers two only of which are by the late Mr. Spedding, the remaining half-dozen being due to Mr. Gairdner. In the preface the latter tells the history of the book. It was to be "a joint collection of historical articles reprinted from periodicals, which each of us would be able to expand or to modify at pleasure"; and Mr. Spedding was actually on the point of revising and adding to the first of his articles here reprinted, when he met with the deplorable accident which in a few days ended his labours and his life. "After the occurrence," writes Mr. Gairdner, "he gave directions that that article should be sent to me to be republished just as it stood." Mr. Spedding's part of the book therefore has not had the advantage of a final

revision by its author; but every one will be glad to have any of his work placed in an accessible form—for articles buried in back numbers of magazines are practically not accessible. Moreover, revision, if the author had lived to give it, would, in Mr. Gairdner's words, "have involved little or nothing in the way of positive correction," Mr. Spedding being one of those thorough and accurate workers who never write anything without having fully mastered the subject beforehand. Mr. Gairdner points more especially to the notes on the *History of the Reign of King Henry VII.* in Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's works as evidences of the painstaking accuracy of his research:—"Not a manuscript in the British Museum bearing on the history of Henry VII. escaped his notice"; and he gives utterance to a regret "that one so admirably qualified to be an historian himself never attempted anything higher in that line than a comment on other men's labours, or a critical investigation of some particular controversy."

The first question that will be asked with reference to any production of Mr. Spedding's is whether it comes under the head of matters relating or "not relating" to Bacon. Neither of the papers now before us directly relates to Bacon, though there is incidental mention of him in the second, which is upon the conduct of King James in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury; but both, says Mr. Gairdner, were "distinctly the fruit of their author's Baconian studies; and that was probably one reason why they were not included" among the "Reviews and Discussions not relating to Bacon" published by Mr. Spedding in 1879. The paper on the murder of Overbury—or, more accurately, on "the evidence respecting the conduct of King James I. in the case of Sir Thomas Overbury"—appeared in the *Archæologia*, and is referred to in Mr. Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon*, as giving in full the reasons on which he dissented from the common assumption that there was some dark secret between James and his favourite Somerset—a theory which finds favour with all lovers of scandal and mystery, and also with that class of writers which believes in the original and inherent wickedness of kings. Mr. Spedding's two main points are, that the appearances which have suggested the assumption of the King's criminality are explicable without any such supposition; and, secondly, that his conduct throughout the whole business was inconsistent with any such supposition. The subject, when treated without mysterious hints at unutterable horrors, tirades against kings and courtiers, and high-flavoured bits of gossip, is sufficiently dry, except to those who take an interest in the weighing of evidence. Mr. Spedding's paper is a valuable summing-up of what we actually at present know about the King's conduct. As far as Somerset's part in the Overbury murder is concerned, Mr. Spedding expresses an opinion that we are not likely ever to know more. All attainable evidence was hunted up and carefully sifted at the time, and it is not probable that anything will be discovered by which the aspect of Somerset's case, as shown in the *State Trials*, will be materially altered:—

Not so with regard to the charges against the king—charges not only not sifted by judicial process at the time, but not made or thought of till long after the time when any sifting was possible. Evidence materially affecting the aspect of these may turn up at any time, in any box or closet in which the secrets of those days have been placed for safety, or found a resting-place by chance.

The other paper is a narrative of the negotiations relative to Katharine of Aragon's first marriage, and is founded upon the first volume of the *Calendar of State Papers* edited by Bergenroth. The subject had naturally an attraction for Mr. Spedding as bearing upon the accuracy of Bacon's *History of Henry VII.*, which in the main comes forth confirmed by the *Calendar*. Mr. Spedding points out that Bacon's brief account of the marriage negotiation needs but the alteration of one word "to make it complete in all that is material." For the "almost seven years" during which Bacon says the marriage was "in treaty," we should read fourteen. Bacon, not knowing that the terms had been "discussed, arranged, and by one of the parties even ratified, as early as March 1489," took "the renewal of the suspended negotiation at the end of 1494 for the commencement of it." But with this exception his account, "though it may be abundantly illustrated, will hardly be either corrected or improved by the most particular narrative of the successive phases of the negotiation." On the other hand, the facts revealed in the correspondence published in the *Calendar* set Henry's motives in his French war in a much more creditable light than they appear in Bacon's version.

This article leads up to one of Mr. Gairdner's on Katharine of Aragon's second marriage—the ill-fated union with her deceased husband's brother, of which so much was to come. We are glad to see that Mr. Gairdner chivalrously combats the scandalous suspicions which have been in modern times ground up upon the Spanish Ambassador's complaints of the widowed Katharine's exaggerated subservience to the young friar who held the position of her confessor. There are two or three other noticeable things in this article; but we will pass on to subjects which have not been so frequently threshed out as that of Katharine of Aragon. The first two articles of Mr. Gairdner's, which both deal with the Lollards, originally appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* in 1865, and were then, we are given to understand, more in what we may venture to call a *Fortnightly* style. To be plain, Mr. Gairdner frankly avows in the preface that, some of the sentiments then expressed being no longer held by him, he has eliminated passages "which I feel were only too much in harmony with the sceptical

* *Studies in English History*. By James Gairdner, Editor of "The Paston Letters," and James Spedding, Editor of "Letters and Life of Lord Bacon." Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1882.

spirit of the age." As it now appears, the second article is boldly at war with the said spirit, for it winds up with a lamentation over the weakening of the sense of authority in religion:—"We have dashed to the ground the great orb of Faith, and broken it into fragments . . .; and, like Faust, we hear melodious voices in the air, bawling the loveliness we have destroyed and bidding us reconstruct it if we can." This is the conclusion of a review of the *Repressor* of Bishop Peacock, for whose recantation, which his editor Mr. Babington has stigmatized as "mean," Mr. Gairdner makes a good defence:—

To the intelligence of modern times it would seem that he should mentally have risen at once to the independence of modern Protestantism, and died a martyr to the sacred principle of Dissent. But dissent was precisely the solution of such difficulties which every one in that day considered intolerable, and which Peacock himself had laboured most assiduously to prevent. To have claimed, or even to have admitted such a right, would have stultified his own teaching quite as much as any abjuration. He himself had maintained without the least misgiving that if other means failed, the Church might enforce the acceptance of her doctrines, even with fire and fagot. He had only endeavoured to show that Church principles were reasonable in themselves, and he found the authorities of the Church most eager to prove the contrary.

Shakespearean students will find profit in the article "On the Historical Element in Shakespeare's Falstaff." Perhaps at starting they may be a little offended at the tone in which their ignorance is assumed. It is true that Mr. Gairdner addresses himself to "the uncritical reader"; but he must be a very uncritical reader of Shakespeare who does not know by this time that there are supposed to be traces both of the historical Sir John Oldcastle and the historical Sir John Fastolf in the fictitious Falstaff. Nor can we think that there are many who would find it hard "to imagine that the picture could have had a living counterpart in days when personal courage was so much esteemed, and the honour of knighthood was not an empty phrase." Surely most people have now got beyond the stage of the romances of La Motte Fouqué, and have abandoned their faith in the invariable courage and honour of the knightly ages; indeed the current has set in the other direction, and the "uncritical" man now more usually cherishes a complacent belief that his forefathers were utterly vile and base. But, passing over this, the paper is one of great interest, and, we think, of some novelty. Mr. Gairdner begins by pointing out—which, as far as we know, has not been done before—the traces of Lollardy or Puritanism which may be detected in the Shakespearean Falstaff:—

In fact, he is a demoralised Puritan or Lollard. The evidences of this are scattered up and down in a way that there is no mistaking. His conversation bespeaks a familiarity with Scripture that we do not find in most of Shakespeare's characters. He finds cant excuses for his immoralities—as that purse-taking is his vocation, and 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. He considers that as he has more flesh than another man, he cannot help having more frailty; and as in the state of innocence Adam fell, what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? On the other hand, the prince answers his moralising most effectively by an irreverent use of Scripture, as a thing that Falstaff feels like paying him back in his own coin. But even in the prince's company he expresses some weak intention of giving up his evil life; and when at last he gives up life altogether, he has impressed Mrs. Quickly with the opinion that he has gone to "Arthur's Bosom."

These touches indicated, not obscurely, to the audiences which first witnessed the acting of Shakespeare's plays at the Globe Theatre, that Sir John Falstaff was a Lollard.

It would be possible to lay too much stress upon these slight indications. Traces of growing Puritanism—which Mr. Gairdner regards as the heir of Lollardy—are more frequent in Shakespeare's characters than has been generally noticed; and some degree of familiarity with Scripture is certainly not unusual. Benedick and Claudio, two ordinary fashionable young men, know quite as much about the fall of Adam as Sir John does, Claudio being indeed answerable for an audaciously irreverent allusion to the third chapter of Genesis, which at any rate shows his own and his hearers' quickness in taking a Scriptural joke. And how common theological discussion must have been is shown by the fact that Cassio in his cups lays down the law as to predestination. But it may be conceded to Mr. Gairdner that a tendency to a style of humorous cant is strongly marked and persistent in Falstaff, and that there is a perpetual effort on his part to make out that in former days at least he had been a pious character. If he has lost his voice, it is with "singing of anthems"—a passage which we may add to strengthen Mr. Gairdner's theory.

It is now thought to be fairly well ascertained that Shakespeare's fat knight originally bore the name of Oldcastle, and that when this appellation was found to give offence to those who had learned to honour Oldcastle as a martyr, that of Falstaff was substituted. The second part of the article before us is devoted to considering how far there was any resemblance between Falstaff and the real Fastolf, whose history has been fully worked out by Mr. Gairdner in editing the Paston Letters. Fastolf was, like Oldcastle, a Lollard—a fact which Mr. Gairdner considers to be established by the appearance, in a cancelled passage of the original draft of Fastolf's will, of an unmistakable allusion to the Lollard shibboleth, "If any man vnknowith, he schal be vnkownun," which is the Wycliffite translation of the Vulgate, "Si quis autem ignorat, ignorabitur" (1 Cor. xiv. 38). Here at least is one point in common between Fastolf and Oldcastle, to explain why the one name should have suggested the other. It is not easy to see why Shakespeare persisted in using the name of a real man—for Falstaff is only a modification of Fastolf—but there was no danger in his second choice. Fastolf in his own day had been unpopular—in some respects very unde-

servedly so—and there was no halo of martyrdom about his head to win him rehabilitation. How far Shakespeare's Falstaff is assimilated to him in character and in circumstances as well as in name, is the question which Mr. Gairdner next deals with, but into which we have not space to enter. We can only give his conclusion, that Falstaff is an embodiment of traditions relating to Oldcastle and to Fastolf, "traditions largely tinged with prejudice, but still not unworthy to be considered, as reflecting the opinions of the age, and preserving at the same time some little details of genuine historic fact."

The collection is closed by an article on "The Divine Right of Kings," and another on "Sundays Ancient and Modern," in which most people will note with interest the statement, on the evidence of Heylin, that Sabbatarianism was imported into Scotland from England. Reprints of magazine articles and reviews, even when re-touched, do not, as a rule, make a satisfactory book; but, from the brief account we have here been able to give, our readers will see that in this case there is much that was worth reprinting.

WALPOLE ON THE ELECTORATE AND THE LEGISLATURE.*

THE curiosity which the prospectus of *The English Citizen* excited as to the possibility of carrying out the programme without taking a side in political matters has not had long to wait for its gratification. The author of the second number of the series has fallen into the pit which lay in his way. Perhaps nothing else could reasonably be expected from Mr. Spencer Walpole. He is principally known in literature as the author of a History which possesses certain merits, no doubt, but which exhibits its author as an admiring, if humble, follower of Macaulay in style, and, what is more, in principles. Mr. Spencer Walpole's politics, as shown in that work, were not of indecent violence, but they exhibited the fervour of a convert, and of a convert who had, if we remember rightly, reason to look upon his conversion as a special act of some political providence. For, unless our memory deceives us, Mr. Walpole took occasion in his History to inform his readers of the interesting fact that he had been persuaded to abandon his family politics and become a good Liberal owing purely to the perusal of Adam Smith—an appreciation of whose work has not hitherto been considered incompatible with the profession of either political faith. There is no reason, of course, why a man should not write a treatise on the historical facts connected with the Electorate and the Legislature, although he may have definite and even strong convictions on political matters. But his convictions can hardly be considered a help to him, and the following of Macaulay must be pronounced to be an almost certain stumbling-block. Mr. Spencer Walpole's book has therefore a certain element of interest, not to say excitement, about it. One looks with something distantly resembling eagerness to see whether the adventurous champion gets the better of his difficulties or not.

Mr. Walpole's brief preface is not, it must be confessed, encouraging. He mentions with due precision his authorities; but he finishes up with this eccentric effort of antithetic criticism:—

The great works of Mr. Hallam and Mr. Stubbs are too well known to require a compliment, but they are possibly susceptible to a criticism. Mr. Hallam's labours have perhaps done more than Mr. Stubbs's researches to give the reader a clear idea of constitutional progress; but Mr. Stubbs's work has done more to assist the student than Mr. Hallam's history. Mr. Hallam excels in manner; Mr. Stubbs in matter; Mr. Hallam is superior to Mr. Stubbs in his generalizations; Mr. Stubbs to Mr. Hallam in the copiousness of his details.

We have no fault to find with the gist of these remarks, though we cannot say that we greatly admire snippets antithesis of this sort, which might be carried on for a hundred pages without the slightest difficulty to the writer, or the slightest benefit to the reader. But few things could be more out of place in a purely instructive and businesslike treatise intended to supply ordinary readers with the facts of a certain subject. However, if Mr. Walpole had confined his little exercises in "Middle-class Macaulayese" to a preface, it would be captious to find fault with him. Unluckily he must have his flights all through the book. "In the second book of the *Iliad*," he begins quite in the famous Queen of Sheba style, "when Ulysses checks the flight of the Greeks," &c. &c., and he proceeds in the same unprofitable antithetic fashion as before to show the difference between Ulysses and a modern statesman, and why the difference exists. The paragraph winds up thus:—"In Homer the people die and suffer for the sins of Agamemnon, just as in the Bible the people die and suffer for the sins of David. The people in the nineteenth century, instead of dying for their leaders' sins, take the more sensible course of expelling them from power." Mr. Walpole could not have pointed the moral of the folly of this sort of skibble-skamble stuff by a more foolish phrase. We should have thought that Englishmen and Frenchmen enough had died for their leaders' sins in the last quarter of a century, to go no further back. But Mr. Walpole has got his antithesis, and what does anything else matter? In a somewhat different style Mr. Walpole talks of James I., but as usual he writes with one eye on the subject and the other on Macaulay. "The King was a stranger to his new subjects, with Scotch and French blood mixing in his veins. His title was in the eyes of many people doubtful. His virtues

* *The English Citizen.—The Electorate and the Legislature.* By Spencer Walpole. London: Macmillan & Co. 1881.

were the mere virtues of a pedant; his vices were vices *quæ versu dicere non est*." We have nothing to do with the very unsavoury question of James I.'s vices, but supposing them to be all that the sneaking scandal of the hangers-on of a foreign Ambassador said, what in the name of fortune, common sense, and the Latin dictionary does Mr. Walpole mean by saying that they cannot be told in verse? Such things have been told in verse, and, as it happens, especially in Latin verse, a good deal too often. But Mr. Walpole wanted some fireworks to wind up with, and this unlucky quotation presented itself. He is not writing in verse; the royal vices can be told in verse; but he courageously disregards both considerations. If it were not almost libellous to make such an insinuation, we should really think that he could not construe Horace. One more instance, and we have done. "In ancient Athens"—it is astonishing how fond Mr. Walpole is of talking about anything rather than his subject—"Hipparchus used his power to cultivate wisdom and virtue; Harmodius gave his days to degrading vices"—Mr. Walpole is always dragging in these degrading vices—"yet the Athenians forgave the one because he slew the other." Again we cannot help marvelling how Mr. Walpole got through his school days. He surely might know that, if there is scandal against Harmodius, there is exactly the same scandal against Hipparchus, and that as to the Athenians "forgiving," the Athenians—more shame for them—did not think one penny the worse of any one for such an imputation. Why Mr. Walpole should go out of his way to garnish a handbook of English constitutional history with scraps of nasty gossip out of Lemprière we really cannot say; but, if he must do so, he might as well be correct in his facts.

If we are long in coming to the matter of chief importance, it is only because the bad habits of an author necessarily oblige his critics to imitate him. When Mr. Walpole has delivered himself of his half-page about Ulysses, he settles to his work; and, fortunately keeping very closely to that matter of Mr. Stubbs's which he has wisely commended, he tells the early history of Parliament with rather undue brevity (Ulysses and Hipparchus might have made room with great advantage), but with sufficient exactness. Plantagenets and Tudors are worked through in the same fashion, and then we come to the seventeenth century. With Hallam for his guide, Mr. Walpole was not likely to take an extreme partisan view here; but it is to be regretted that he is not a little more precise as well as a little fuller in his statements. In particular, it is extremely rash to say that "the innovations of the Stuarts were in direct defiance of the law"; the rashness being made clear, within half a score of lines of the statement itself, by the admission that the Long Parliament had to "declare ship-money illegal, and to prohibit the levying of unauthorized customs." No one disputes the fact that the government of the interparliamentary period was carried on by gross straining of the law and by taking advantage of unguarded points. But almost everybody now admits that even the Petition of Right, though it was evaded, was not formally contravened by these exactions. However, these may be said to be matters of greater historical than actual importance. Having arrived at the Revolution, Mr. Walpole drops the House of Commons for a time and passes to the Peers. There are some omissions in the earlier and historical part of this chapter. For instance, he does not discuss the very interesting question, which, as he must know, actually arose in the seventeenth century—whether a peer was or was not entitled by right to a writ of summons. But it is when we arrive at our own times that Mr. Walpole seems to forget that he is, *ex hypothesi*, an impartial exponent of facts, not a political advocate. Mr. Walpole makes not the slightest concealment of his attitude both towards the presence of spiritual peers in the House of Lords and towards the Upper House itself. "The four junior bishops," he says, "are spared the labours of Parliamentary attendance, and their dioceses derive the advantage which ought to result from their attendance to their immediate duties, instead of spending the most valuable portion of the year in the irrelevant occupations of the House of Lords." Mr. Walpole is of course entitled to his opinion as to the relevance or irrelevance of these occupations; but he is not entitled to the expression of them in a professedly impartial handbook. In the same spirit he speaks of the "disrepute into which the Lords would, under any circumstances, have fallen." It is true that he makes amends to the Peers by admitting their individual superiority to the Commons, which he explains on strictly philosophical grounds. "The handsomest, wealthiest, and cleverest girls by a natural process of selection marry peers, and the peerage is recruited by their wealth, their beauty, and their brains." But as for the Peers as a House he is dead against them.

The rest of Mr. Walpole's book is occupied with chapters on the later history of the House of Commons, on Parliamentary qualification and electoral corruption, on Prerogative and Privilege, on public and private Bills, on Supply, and on Order and Obstruction. Except that the partisan element noticeable in the chapter on the House of Lords not unfrequently reappears, and that the facts are not always given with sufficient detail and precision, and except also some relapses into Macaulayese, there is not much fault to find with the greater part of the book. The statement that, "As the Lords are not at liberty to reject a money Bill, they are compelled to accept the scheme or reject it as a whole," is evidently, from Mr. Walpole's own words, a slip of the pen; but it is rather an awkward one, for at least some English citizens are sure to go off with the erroneous first half of the statement, and to pay no attention to the correct latter half. The

account of the formalities which take place when Lords and Commons disagree is given with some inexactness; for it reads as if reasons for disagreement were only drawn up after a conference had been demanded, which, as Mr. Walpole may see from no more recondite an instance than that of the proceedings last year in the matter of the Irish Land Bill, is not precisely correct. In the chapter on Order and Obstruction, Mr. Walpole, as might be expected, not unfrequently oversteps the line that divides exposition from argument, and takes the opportunity of having several more digs at the House of Lords. The evident pleasure which he takes in this occupation may reconcile very sympathetic persons to its still more evident impropriety; but that is not the point of view which a conscientious critic can be expected to take. Mr. Walpole is, we see, put down for another volume of the series—namely, "Foreign Relations." If he cannot keep Charles I. out of the memorial better than he has done in this case, it is very much to be feared that the English Citizen will be presented with nothing more or less than a party pamphlet. The programme talks about "the necessarily one-sided disquisitions of the press." It would be hard for the most lopsided pressman to get further from the perpendicular than the sentence about the four junior bishops quoted above.

SHERRING'S HINDU TRIBES AND CASTES.*

THE late Mr. Sherring was extremely well versed in the history and peculiarities of castes at and near the sacred city of Benares. He had also extended his inquiries to castes in Northern and Southern India, and had consulted and analysed a number of reports and books compiled by civilians, political officers, and missionaries with familiar knowledge of Rajputana or of the hills and plains of Madras. The leading principles of caste can be told in a few pages and mastered with comparative ease. The ramifications and eccentricities, on the other hand, are infinite. Divisions are so endless, anomalies are so surprising, diversities in practice are so curious and unexpected, that it requires an official lifetime to master the various castes of any one single province. The difficulty of arriving at correct information is further enhanced by the isolation which caste necessarily creates. Brahmans, with a calm consciousness of mental and social superiority, will refer some inquisitive and persevering Englishman to the miserable Sudras themselves. Highly intelligent Kayasts have lived, worked, and done good service to the Government, in total ignorance of the fact that there were five subdivisions of Mahomedans living within a few miles of their birthplace. There are, of course, exceptions to this lofty indifference about classes of men with whom there can be neither intermarriage nor social intercourse such as we understand it in Europe; and, in a country where every act is dictated, restricted, or explained by a religious sanction, a careful observer can avail himself of numerous opportunities in order to find out how caste works, what it prohibits, and what it allows. But any foreigner who has lived for fifteen or twenty years in the interior of any Indian Province or district will, to the last day of his residence, come on some new and unexpected feature, some divergence from the strict rule, some apparent attempt to reconcile the slavish fetters imposed by priestcraft with the imperative requirements of common daily life. The volume before us contains three essays by Mr. Sherring, on the history, origin, effects, and prospects of caste, in which the author shows that castes were originally few in number and less parted by rigid lines; that, in the time of Manu, Brahmans and Kshatriyas contracted marriages with Sudras and lower castes; and that the system, as we see it working at the present day, is one which fosters pride, narrows the intellect, stereotypes absurd prejudices, and throws serious impediments in the way of civilization and progress. It may very likely be objected to Mr. Sherring's eloquent denunciations that he takes an exclusive view of the evil effects of the system. He is still the missionary haranguing from the platform and in the pulpit, while he aspires to effect reforms by the agency of the press. It will be said, too, that writers who in knowledge of Oriental literature and native thought and customs are scarcely inferior to Mr. Sherring have recently laboured to show that Eastern society could not have got on without something like caste. It tends to cleanliness, and is occasionally a sort of useful handmaid to religion and morality. It is often a guarantee for some respectability. In the higher ranges it ensures the transmission of valuable hereditary qualities. Some of the wild tribes in the hills and jungles owe their preservation from vile and degrading customs, as well as their fine physique, to an original descent from the choicest of the Hindu creation. Caste, it is said, exists everywhere; and its ordinances are nowhere more binding or more respected than in English society, which is too apt to denounce Orientals merely because they carry the principles of self-respect and exclusiveness a little too far. Caste is rarely a badge of disgrace. It is a symbol of honour. The lowest Sudra, the most jungly of Hill-men, the very outcast or Chandal, with

* *Hindu Tribes and Castes*. With Three Dissertations and a General Index of the three volumes. By the Rev. M. A. Sherring, M.A., LL.B., Author of the "Sacred City of the Hindus," "The History of Protestant Missions in India." Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1881.

rare exceptions, feel a pride in their charmed and circumscribed society, only inferior in depth to that felt by a Banerji, a Pandé, or a Mier. It is admitted that skill in handicraft, as well as intelligence in professions, has been stored up and passed on by these restrictions, and it is impossible to deny that by this means cleverness in design, exquisite workmanship, industry, capacity, and habits of business have become the birthright and inheritance of particular classes. But after every admission in its favour and every deduction from sweeping censures, caste is somehow always standing in the way of beneficent legislation and administrative and social reforms. It often perplexes and annoys the statesman quite as much as it does the preacher. It engenders an apathy, a stolid indifference to the sufferings and trials of others, which is positively revolting. And when it is palliated by reference to European analogies and conservatism, we may safely reply that nothing like Hindu caste, in its tenacity and complexity, has ever been devised by human ingenuity elsewhere. Englishmen have got the character of being haughty, insular, and overbearing, but the eldest son of a duke may marry the daughter of a baron, of a rich banker, of a simple squire, or of the rector of the parish, and the new duchess may feel that she is only filling the station of a well-born and well-educated English lady. But would the most earnest apologist for caste ever dare to hint to a Brahman of Kanauj or of Bengal, or to a Rahtore or Sesodhya Rajput, that they would do well to take to themselves as wives the daughters of a Lalla or a Kayast, of a Sonar or a Sett?

Those who think that Mr. Sherring's picture at all errs from excess of shadow and deficiency of light, must still admit that he has brought together and classified an immense amount of valuable information about castes of which many Anglo-Indians have never even heard. We should recommend readers first to take up the three dissertations on Caste which begin at page 217 and fill nearly eighty pages of print. Primed with the origin and history of this extraordinary custom, they will then be in a position to thread their way through the lists which, with notices and descriptions, make up all the previous part of the volume. We remark that there is a good index, which embraces the three volumes of which the present is the posthumous and the last. Mr. Sherring was particularly careful as to the clearness and perfection of his manuscript, and this excellent habit has enabled his publishers to accurately reproduce his lists of strange places and names. It would be affectation in any reviewer to pretend to detect errors in names of castes which have been only dragged to light by the laborious accuracy of some isolated political agent; but in those which may be termed common Anglo-Indian property we have only noticed a few immaterial errors of the press. It strikes us that for *Kutb Masjid* at Delhi we might read *Summa Masjid*. The author is probably speaking of the splendid mosque in the city, and not of the famous pillar or *Kutb Minar* eleven miles off. There are, however, near the Kutb, the remains of a splendid mosque with granite pillars covered with Kufic inscriptions.

The first chapters on caste deal with the Rajputs. A sort of romance has been thrown over these warriors by the writings of Tod and other generous and high-minded Residents, as well as by the gallant bearing of the chieftains of great houses during the Mahomedan invasions and wars. They are often, in modern days, given to idleness and opium; but there are still some accomplished statesmen and bold warriors amongst these Rajputs, and they are in reality heads of tribes and confederates, and not irresponsible and absolute despots. In many of the States the Thakurs or landholders have unfettered jurisdiction within their own estates, and there are instances of the Chief or Paramount Lord receiving the mark of investiture from the hands of inferiors or Meenas, who are believed to be the earliest inhabitants of Marwar. The women of the Sondia caste or mixed Rajputs are allowed to marry a second time. It is not surprising that the rite of Suttee should have been extremely popular with an aristocratic or haughty tribe. Nine chiefs, many years ago, were followed to the pile by no less than two hundred and thirty-seven wives. Ninety-five widows in one case, and eighty-four in another, sacrificed themselves with the Sal or the Sing of the day. *Tantum religio potuit*, &c. We find something like the story of the Fabii appearing in Rajput tradition. The *Gahlot* tribe, we are told, are descended from a child born in a cave. The Royal House of Balabhi was sacked and destroyed, and the Rani alone escaped to a cave, where she gave birth to a child. *Gahlot* is said to mean cave-born. But Mr. Beames (*Races of the N.W. Provinces of India*), while referring to this tradition, quotes Dr. Fitz-Edward Hall, who connects *Gahlot* with *Guhila*, the second king of the Oodeypore dynasty, and derives *Gahlot* from it by popular pronunciation. Mr. Beames's minute criticism of Mr. Hall's derivation rather reminds us of Jonathan Oldbuck and the ancient fortress of Quickensburgh or Whackensburgh. It is odd to stumble on a revered Mahomedan saint in the wilds of Rajputana. More than four centuries ago a male child was vouchsafed to a chief of the Shekhawattis, who are an offshoot of the Kachwahs of Jyepore, and out of respect to his memory the Islamite confession of faith is still read at the birth of every male of the Shekhawatti tribe, and the hog is never slain, though most Rajputs eat the flesh of this unclean animal once a year. The Shekhawattis were formerly a very useful corps of irregulars in our native army. We must refer our readers to the book itself for odd details about agricultural castes; the muscular hard-working Jat; the Grassin, who in Guzerat has a right, like Etonians in the days of the Montem, to collect dues from travellers; the Bheels, who practise some of the rites of the Hindu religion without being

Hindus; the Gujars, who are being gradually reclaimed from cattle-lifting and stealing; the numbers of converted Mahomedans descended from Rajputs, some of whom are almost as degraded as the aborigines; and Charans or Bards, who rehearse the pedigrees and chant the praises of chieftains, and as a return, receive presents at weddings and hold lands rent-free.

Widely different from these tribes, who obstinately keep up that "feudality" and tradition which are so offensive to "advanced and enlightened thinkers" in the present day, are the tribes of Madras. Every now and then we hear of some free fight in a populous town in some Madras district, where half a dozen men are killed or wounded because the right-handed castes will not allow the left-handed castes to carry some banner or to bestride some horse. The origin of this custom is about as mysterious as the feud of Blues and Greens in the arena at Constantinople. Mr. Sherring declares that it is overlaid with fable, and that a copper plate, said to exist in a pagoda at Conjeveram but never seen by any Englishman or competent authority, would explain the mystery if it were only produced. Madrassee Brahmins, though split into many divisions, are not nearly so numerous as in Upper India or in Bengal. Several of the agricultural tribes or castes are partly Aryan and partly non-Aryan, and a descent from the aborigines can be traced by stature, colour, the very shape of the huts in which the men live, coarse food, and degrading practices. The Idaiyars or shepherds often bury instead of burning their dead. Some of the artisans wear the sacrificial thread peculiar to the twice-born, a claim which in other Provinces would be summarily disallowed by the Brahmins. That potters should be proverbial for ignorance and stupidity supplies an argument for and against caste. To an Oriental conservative it might seem a proof that hereditary intelligence is providential, and a part of the moral government of the world. A reformer would reply, on the contrary, that it is easy to accuse classes of denseness to whom your detestable social prejudices never give a chance of rising. The Shanars, we observe, who were devil-worshippers, have made great progress in civilization and morals when converted to Christianity. In one chapter on the low castes we come on a derivation of the word pariah, which agrees with that given by the late H. H. Wilson in his Glossary. The word is not Portuguese, as has been supposed. The Madras or Tamil term is Paraiyan or Pareiya. In the Glossary we are told of thirteen subdivisions, who perform the duties of scavengers and are little better than serfs. Mr. Sherring enumerates as many as thirty-two varieties, and says there are others. Some perform the meanest and most degrading offices in the village; others eat horseflesh, jackals, frogs and toads; and others are not allowed to come within thirty-two feet of a Nair, or sixty-four of a Brahman.

Another aboriginal tribe is addicted to chewing and swallowing tobacco. It is some comfort to think that others, though dark-skinned, dirty, and given to thieving, have not adopted the custom of polyandry. The Yenadis south of the Kistna river are small in stature, and one of them saw no difference between killing a sheep and killing a man. They live on roots and jungle products, but can be got to work when removed from their haunts. Of the treatment of small-pox by the Poleiyans in the Palani or Pulnei hills it may be said, as Pyrrhus said of the Roman strategy, that these barbarians have nothing barbarous about them. They draw a line round an infected village, and prohibit all communication with the rest of the world. But there is always a lower depth in these jungly tribes, and the last stage of humanity seems to be reached when the Nagadis or Nayadis yell after passers-by for charity, and yet will not dare to pick up anything thrown down until the giver has passed on. What is to be done with beings who are not allowed to come within ninety-six feet of a Hindu, and who are described as black in colour, brutish in feature, and more like animals than men? No explanation is given of a singular custom of the Morasu Wakligas in Nundidroog in Mysore. They amputate the two smallest fingers of the right hand of a girl before her betrothal. Can this have reference to some misty deed of violence said to have been committed by the women of this caste in dark ages, after the fashion of the classical daughters of Danaus?

This volume includes the Todas, Kotas, and Badagas of the Nilgiri Hills, but does not add much to the facts collected by Colonel Marshall, Colonel Ross King, and other writers. The Kurumbas on the lower slopes of this range are said to have no marriage ceremony at all. The Todas, it is well known, keep herds of buffaloes, live on the milk, and regard some of these animals as sacred. In Travancore we read of a tribe called the Urali, who abhor the buffalo and do all they can to avoid it. In Jeypore, not to be confounded with the Principality of the same name in Rajputana, the Koragars are very scantily clothed, and are never guilty of lying, theft, or adultery. The list winds up with a short notice of the white and black Jews of Cochin, and of the Mahomedans, divided into six classes. Such a compilation, besides bringing to light curious practices, some of them springing out of the earliest conflict between barbarism and civilization, may remind readers of the enormous extent of our Anglo-Indian dependency, and of our vast responsibilities to tribes and kingdoms which cannot be cast off like a set of old clothes. Caste, by discouraging patriotism in its widest sense, has certainly facilitated our task in conquering, subduing, and retaining India; and whatever may be the civilizing effect of railways, intercourse, and English education, there will still be, for many generations, marked divisions between

Hindus in all parts of India, even though a high-caste man should condescend in process of time to smoke the hookah of an agriculturist, or allow an aboriginal from the Madras forests to come within two or three feet of his sacred person.

MISS FERRIER'S NOVELS.*

MESSRS. BENTLEY have done good service to literature in issuing a new edition of Miss Ferrier's novels. The author's works are probably even less known to readers of the present generation than are those of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen—partly, no doubt, because they have been less accessible. Miss Edgeworth's children's books still retain their hold on public attention, and the same publishers who now give us a fresh introduction to Miss Ferrier had previously taken care that Miss Austen's novels should not lose their hold for want of a new edition in a convenient form. But Miss Ferrier has for a considerable time past been as little known by the mass of the reading public as Peacock was—we fear we might say as Peacock still is. In her case the want of recognition is perhaps more remarkable inasmuch as her works are cast in the conventional novel form which Peacock's genius did not fit. As a novelist, however, she is certainly only second to Miss Austen, and may fairly be put on a par with Miss Edgeworth, who may be said to have done for Irish what Miss Ferrier did for Scotch character, in giving to the world the results of an experience and observation which were minute without being narrow. There is of course this difference, that Miss Edgeworth's novels were mostly written with a more obvious purpose of pointing out abuses and suggesting remedies than is found in Miss Ferrier, although in this respect the influence of Miss Edgeworth, as in other respects the influence of Miss Austen, may be traced in *Marriage*, the first of the series recently issued by Messrs. Bentley. So little, comparatively, as we have said, is now known or remembered concerning the author of *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny* that it may not be amiss to give a sketch of her career, the materials of which we shall venture to borrow from the article reprinted from *Temple Bar* which is prefixed to the present edition.

Miss Ferrier, who died in Edinburgh in 1854, was one of the last, if not actually the last, of "that literary galaxy that adorned Edinburgh society in the days of Scott, Jeffrey, Wilson, and others. Distinguished by the friendship and confidence of Sir Walter Scott, the name of Susan Edmonstone Ferrier is one that has become famous from her three clever, satirical, and most amusing novels of *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny*." Miss Ferrier, who was born in 1782, was the youngest daughter of a Writer to the Signet, holding an excellent position, and her first attempt at authorship was, as we learn from a preface to *The Inheritance* written in 1840, "begun at the urgent desire of a friend, and with the promise of assistance, which, however, failed long before the end of the first volume; the work was then thrown aside and resumed some years after. It afforded occupation and amusement for idle and solitary hours, and was published in the belief that the author's name never would be guessed at, or the work heard of beyond a very limited sphere. 'Ce n'est que le premier pas qu'il coûte'" (there are plenty of examples in the novels to show that Miss Ferrier's French was not unexceptionable) "in novel writing, as in carrying one's head in their hand. *The Inheritance* and *Destiny* followed as matters of course." The novelist went on to point out that her characters, though suggested by real personages, had been fittingly altered and disguised, and to say something of the introduction into novels of religious sentiment. "Viewing this life merely as the prelude to another state of existence, it does seem strange that the future should ever be wholly excluded from any representation of it, even in its motley occurrences, scarcely less motley perhaps than the human mind itself." There is more of the religious sentiment element in *Marriage* than in the later novels—more perhaps than there should be; but its introduction is always free from any kind of offence. No doubt most readers of the present day will find some of Mary Douglas's scruples as odd as Lady Emily found them in the novel; but the character which Miss Ferrier set herself to draw would, from the author's point of view, have been incomplete without them. From the point of view of the reader, as well as of the critic, Mary might have been a more interesting character had she been a trifle less near to blamelessness; but we need go no further than *Waverley* for an instance of a charming and successful book of which the strongest point is by no means the drawing of the supposed chief character. The author of *Waverley* was himself amongst the first to appreciate Miss Ferrier's striking talent. *Marriage* was published in 1818 by Mr. Blackwood, and "drew forth loud plaudits" from the public, who wondered much as to its authorship. "In London," wrote a friend to Miss Ferrier, "it is much admired, and generally attributed to Walter Scott"; to which Miss Ferrier humorously replied, "Whosoever it is, I have met with nothing that has interested me since." Some years later the book, for which the author received the sum of 150*l.*, was translated into French. Six years later 1,000*l.* was paid for *The Inheritance*, and six years later again *Destiny* was produced. *The Inheritance* was dramatized,

and produced at Covent Garden; "but had a very short run, and was an utter failure, as might have been expected." Mrs. Gore was asked by Laporte, the manager, to dramatize the work, and wrote to Miss Ferrier on the subject; but was meanwhile forestalled by Fitzball, whom Mrs. Gore describes as, "in short, a writer of a very low class." We are not told who was engaged to represent the inimitable Miss Pratt, a character which it would be very far from easy to present on the stage, but which might in our own days have been played to perfection by Mrs. Alfred Wigan. Laporte's proposition to Mrs. Gore was that she should dramatize "the French novel of *L'Héritière*, which turns out to be a literal translation of *The Inheritance*. He is quite bent upon bringing Miss Pratt on the stage." It is consoling to observe that we have made at least some little progress since the days of *The Inheritance* in the matter of copyright law. *Destiny*, which brought the author 1,700*l.*, was dedicated to Sir Walter Scott; and he wrote to Miss Ferrier two very interesting letters concerning it, which are reprinted in the prefix to *Marriage*. It was not till 1851, twenty years after the publication of *Destiny*, that Miss Ferrier openly avowed the authorship of the three novels by prefixing her name to a revised and corrected edition. In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* North delivers himself thus concerning the novels à propos of *Destiny* :—

They are the works of a very clever woman, sir, and they have one feature of true and melancholy interest quite peculiar to themselves. It is in them alone that the ultimate breaking-down and debasement of the Highland character has been depicted. Sir Walter Scott had fixed the enamel of genius over the last fitful gleams of their half-savage chivalry; but a humbler and sadder scene—the age of lucre-banished clans, of chieftains dwindled into imitation squires, and of chiefs content to barter the recollections of a thousand years for a few gaudy seasons of Almack's and Crookford's, the euthanasia of killed aldermen and steamboat pibrochs—was reserved for Miss Ferrier.

The writer of the article from which we have quoted points out with justice that the following remark from "Tickler," to the effect that Miss Ferrier "in general fails almost as egregiously as Hook does in the pathetic," is a piece of false criticism. Three years after her published avowal of the authorship of the novels Miss Ferrier died, and "a blank was left in her native city that has not been since filled." The most faithful picture of her, we are told, is conveyed in a sentence from Scott's *Diary*, which describes her as "A gifted personage, having, besides her great talents, conversation the least *exigeante* of any author, female at least, whom I have ever seen among the long list I have encountered; simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking."

That Miss Ferrier had no sympathy with the "blue-stocking" is proved by, amongst other passages in her works, one of the best-touched humorous scenes in *Marriage*, a scene which may seem at the first blush overcharged to a generation with which blue china and Botticelli have taken the place of quotation and literary twaddle. It takes place at the house of Mrs. Bluemits, to which Mary Douglas is taken by her good and likeable, though weak and ill-educated, aunt, Miss Grizzly. No sooner had they come in than Mrs. Bluemits began :—

"As I am a friend to ease in literary society, we shall without ceremony resume our conversation; for, as Seneca observes, 'the comfort of life depends upon conversation.'"

"I think," said Miss Graves, "it is Rochefoucault who says, 'The great art of conversation is to hear patiently and answer precisely.'"

"A very poor definition for so profound a philosopher," remarked Mrs. Apsley.

"The amiable author of what the gigantic Johnson styles the melancholy and angry *Night Thoughts*, gives a nobler, a more elevated, and, in my humble opinion, a juster explication of the intercourse of mind," said Miss Parkins, and she repeated the following lines with pompous enthusiasm.

Mrs. Bluemits carries on the quotation, and then—

"The sensitive poet of Olney, if I mistake not," said Mrs. Dalton, "steers a middle course betwixt the somewhat bald maxim of the Parisian philosopher and the mournful prurency of the Bard of Night when he says

Conversation, in its better part,
May be esteemed a gift and not an art."

So they go on quoting and babbling, comparing "the loftier strains of the mighty Minstrel of the Mountain to the more polished periods of the poet of the Transatlantic Plain," and so forth, until, when the aunt and niece go away, the simple Miss Grizzly turns to Mary with

"I'm sure, Mary, I expected, when all the ladies were repeating, that you would have repeated something too. You used to have the Hermit and all Watts's Hymns by heart when you was little. It's a thousand pities, I declare, that you should have forgot them; for I declare I was quite affronted to see you sitting like a stick and not saying a word, when all the ladies were speaking and turning up their eyes and moving their hands so prettily; but I'm sure I hope next time you go to Mrs. Bluemits's you will take care to learn something by heart before you go. I'm sure I haven't a very good memory, but I remember some things; and I was very near going to repeat 'Farewell to Lochaber' myself, as we were coming away; and I'm sure I wish to goodness I had done it; but I suppose it wouldn't do to go back now; and, at any rate, all the ladies are away, and I daresay the candles will be out by this time."

Not less excellent in their different ways are the visits to Mrs. Pullens, who sets up for being an excellent manager, and to Mrs. Fox, a selfish, would-be fine lady, who goes in for being charitable, and who manages to rob poor Miss Grizzly of her sister Nicky's pebble brooch to add to her collection. It is in scenes of this and of widely different kinds, and in the author's exceptionally fine appreciation and rendering of certain types of character, rather than in any interest afforded by the story as a story, that the great

* *Marriage*. Edinburgh Edition. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

attractiveness of *Marriage* is to be found. The characters who move round the chief personages of the plot are more interesting than the chief personages themselves. Mary is, as we have said, a little too perfect; Lady Juliana is capably and consistently drawn throughout, but, like her daughter Adelaide, is extremely disagreeable; and Colonel Lennox is a man whose excellence matches that of Mary. As in many of Scott's novels, it is the Scotch characters who give the book its tone and life. The picture of life at Glenfern, the characters of the laird and his sisters, Miss Jacky, Miss Grizby, and Miss Nicky, of Sir Sampson, and notably of Lady MacLaughlan—these are the things which make us specially grateful for this new edition of *Marriage*, and which will prevent it from ever falling into the list of forgotten novels. It has also a value as a record of English manners of the time preserved by a keen observer who always wrote like a lady; but its most enduring charm will lie in the delineations of Scotch life and characters. As a work of art it is in various ways inferior to the two novels which followed it, and of which we may have more to say in future; but it has, besides the attractions upon which we have dwelt, the special interest belonging to the first work of an author whom it at once made famous, and who followed it up with other works to which she devoted more skill and patience than are to be found in the vast majority of modern novels all heaped together.

THE MENDELSSOHN FAMILY.*

FEW people will be inclined to disagree with the opening sentence of Mr. George Grove's advertisement to the English translation of Herr Sebastian Hensel's record of the Mendelssohn family, when he says, "A book on Felix Mendelssohn's family, in which he is the principal figure . . . wants no recommendation to the English public." In Germany the work, which was published in the early part of last year, has already reached its second edition; and it does not require the gift of prophecy to predict a successful future for Mr. Carl Klingemann's interesting translation of it. Nearly twenty years ago the world became acquainted with the fact that Felix Mendelssohn was a very remarkable letter-writer, and Lady Wallace's translation of his correspondence was a book to be found on nearly every drawing-room table. Since that time we have had instalments of information about him, such as Devrient's *Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy und seine Briefe an mich*, and notices by Hiller and others; but perhaps none of these have supplied the want which Mendelssohn's letters, as published in Lady Wallace's translation, seemed to require, in the way in which the book now lying before us supplies it. A collection of letters emanating from one person must necessarily appear to be somewhat disjointed to the general reader; but Herr Hensel has wisely chosen to give in most cases, and, we suppose, in every case that is possible, the letter and the answer to it. A more connected and proportionately interesting record is therefore the consequence. Hence the work we have at present under our consideration, as it fills up those missing links, may perhaps be the more acceptable to the general reader than even the letters edited by Paul Mendelssohn.

In these volumes Herr Hensel uses a minimum of the matter that has been heretofore published, and indeed it is remarkable how little of it he does use; for, although it is evident that he wishes rather to make his work a chronicle of the remarkable Mendelssohn family than of the great genius who now stands as its representative, he does not avail himself of much that would have been useful to him in Felix's letters. In fact, although Felix Mendelssohn, as Mr. Grove says, is the principal figure, yet the rest of this remarkable family are duly cared for. The founder of the family, Moses Mendelssohn, was the son of one Mendel, a poor Jew of Dessau. His genius, in spite of every disadvantage—and these disadvantages were great in 1729, the year in which he was born—raised him to more than European fame (we are told that his *Phädon* was translated at least into one Asiatic language) and gained for him the name of the "Modern Plato." He was a man in whom, Lavater says, "a Socratic soul resides," and whose features make "the divine truth of physiognomy sensible and visible." He was, however, of an ungainly form, being indeed somewhat hunch-backed; but, in spite of this misfortune, the charm of his personal influence was so great, that both the great physiognomist and Frommet Gugenheim, who became his wife, fell easy victims to it. The description of his courtship given by Auerbach in one of his novels, and quoted by Herr Hensel, shows the influence that he must have exercised over his fellow-creatures. Moses Mendelssohn had three sons and three daughters, who survived him. Other two died early; and we may be here allowed to quote from a letter of his to Abbt upon the death of a girl of his, aged eleven months, if only to show the man as opposed to the philosopher as we know him:—

Death [he says] has knocked at my door and robbed me of a child, which has lived but eleven months; but, God be praised! her short life was happy and full of bright promise. My friend, the dear child did not live these eleven months in vain. Her mind had even in that short time made quite an astonishing progress; from a little animal that wept and slept, she grew into the bud of a reasoning creature. As the points of the young blades of grass press through the hard earth in spring, one could see in her the breaking out of the first passions. She showed pity, hatred,

love, and admiration; she understood the language of those who spoke, and endeavoured to make known her thoughts to them. Is no trace of all this left in the whole of nature? You will laugh at my simplicity, and see in this talk the weakness of a man who, seeking comfort, finds it nowhere but in his own imagination. It may be; I cannot believe that God has sent us on this earth like foam on the wave.

Of his sons, Joseph, Abraham, and Nathan, Abraham, the father of Felix, and of his daughters Dorothea, who married F. Schlegel, and Henrietta, the "Tante Jette" of Felix's letters, who became the governess of the daughter of General Sebastiani, the unfortunate wife of the Duke de Praslin, are of most interest to us.

Abraham Mendelssohn, who began life in Fould's banking-house in Paris, married Leah Saloman. Her brother took the name of Bartholdy for some property, and, on his death, his sister and brother-in-law, to whom the property reverted, added it to that of Mendelssohn; and the domestic life of their children, as illustrated by their letters and those of their friends, constitutes the bulk of Herr Hensel's volumes on the Mendelssohn family. As is well known, at a very early age, Felix, Abraham's eldest son, developed an extraordinary genius for music, and his father wisely decided to allow him to follow the profession of a musician, in spite of the opposition of many friends, and especially that of his brother-in-law, Bartholdy. Although not a musician more than any other German, Abraham was aware of the budding genius of his son, encouraged it in every way, and had the happiness to live long enough to see him rise to the topmost pinnacle of fame. Of Felix Mendelssohn's life it is here unnecessary to speak; and, indeed, these volumes have little in them of fresh information, though that little is very interesting, to add to the already voluminous records of his life. It is of Felix's gifted sister, Fanny Hensel, the mother of the author of these volumes, whose spirited letters are now for the first time put before the public, that we would speak. The story of Abraham Mendelssohn's eldest daughter's marriage is not without a slight touch of romance. There had been some grand tableaux vivants at Court, in honour of the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, in which the Grand Duchess herself had taken part, and, at their conclusion, she exclaimed, with a sigh, "Is it really over now? And are those who come after us to have no remembrance of this happy evening?" The King of Prussia immediately ordered the artist who arranged the tableaux to perpetuate them in an album. This artist was Wilhelm Hensel. Before the drawings were sent to St. Petersburg he invited the Mendelssohns to see them at his studio, and Fanny was of the party. Hensel fell in love with her; but there were reasons, principally financial, which caused her parents, not actually to prohibit his suit, but to treat it coldly. Hensel went to Italy to study, and it was not until four weary years had passed that he was in a position to marry the woman he loved. What this woman was her letters, now first published, will show. A musical genius, one might almost say, second only to her illustrious brother, who valued her judgment on musical matters more perhaps than that of any other human being, she was a loving wife and tender mother, and Herr Hensel in this memoir has paid a worthy tribute to her memory. Her letters to the family from Italy are full of vivacity and vigorous description, while their style is such as in these days of note-scribbling seems almost unexampled. To give a specimen at random, here is a portion of a "Letter to the Family" describing a day spent at the Villa Wolchonsky:—"We are having a day of intense enjoyment—a truly poetic day, and it shall not pass without our thoughts flying to you. It is a day worthy of the Decamerone, for every body is allowed to do what they please; but, as we all choose to do only what is proper, we could all appear without hesitation before the tribunal of the princess." After enumerating the persons present, she goes on:—"I should like to have had our second French musician, Gounod, as I know few people who can enter into a day's amusement more heartily and happily than he; but he was ill, and could not come." The fête was a complete success, and all the artists assembled contributed something either in the shape of painting or music, which was treasured up to hand down to posterity. The description of the scene is delightful:—

The villa itself is not a palace, but a dwelling house built in that delightfully irregular style of Italian architecture which I am so fond of. The staircase is quite open, and can be seen from the outside. Through the garden lengthways run the ruins of the aqueduct, which they have turned to account in various ways, building steps inside the arches, putting seats at the top, and filling the vacant spaces in the ivy-mantled walls with statues and busts. Roses climb up as high as they can find support, and aloes, Indian fig-trees, and palms run wild among capitals of columns, ancient vases, and fragments of all kinds. As for the roses, there are millions of them, in bushes and trees, arbours and hedges, all flourishing luxuriantly; but to my mind they never look more lovely or more poetic than when clinging to the dark cypress trees. The beauty here is all of a serious and touching type, with nothing small and "pretty."

The Hensels' sojourn in Italy extended to something over a year, and Fanny's letters from thence take up a fair portion of the second volume. They are nearly all written with that easy vivacity so characteristic of her brother's letters, and which indeed seems to be a gift that was shared by her sister Rebecca, the wife of Lo Jeune Dirichlet. A very interesting letter from Felix, describing his reception by the Queen and the Prince Consort at Buckingham Palace, follows the Italian letters, after which an account is given of his interview with the King of Prussia, which led to his giving up his post of Director of the Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig, where, as Leah Mendelssohn remarked, "If he were to stand in the market-place in his nightcap, I believe the people of Leipzig would pay for admission," to accept that of Kapellmeister to the King in Berlin. At the end of 1842 Leah Mendelssohn, the

* *The Mendelssohn Family*. By Sebastian Hensel. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

mother, died. "Endowed," as Varnhagen von Ense says, in the *Possische Zeitung*, "with rare qualities of head and of heart, she was high-minded and affectionate to a degree, and fulfilled all the duties of a loving wife and devoted mother." Her loss was a severe blow to the family, and cast a sad gloom over the Christmas of 1842. In 1843 the Dirichlets went to Italy, and the consequence was another series of letters from Rebecka to the family, all well worth reading. It is impossible within the space at our disposal to follow the different subjects of interest with which all the letters contained in these volumes abound, or even to do more than notice the names of the celebrated persons who were on terms of friendship with the Mendelssohns. Hensel was in the habit of taking pencil sketches of all the friends who frequented the house No 3 Leipziger Strasse to hear the concerts which Fanny Hensel conducted on Sundays, and a list of the portraits in his seventeenth volume will show the distinguished society which met there, containing, as it does, likenesses of Thorwaldsen; Pasta; Ernst, the violinist; Mue. Unger-Sabatier and her husband; Liszt; Lepsius, the great Egyptologist; Böckh, the philologist; and Prince Radziwill. Besides these, Berlioz, Gounod, Horace Vernet, Jakoby, Niels Gade, David, Hiller, Richard Wagner, with his *Flying Dutchman*; Joachim, "who," as Fanny remarks, "though only twelve, is such a clever violinist that David can teach him no more"; and a host of other notorieties make their appearance at the Mendelssohns'. It may be interesting to note the fact that Felix Mendelssohn at one time had serious thoughts of writing an opera on the subject of the Niebelungen Lied, and from what his sister says in one of her letters appears to have taken decided steps towards giving his intentions effect; so that Herr Wagner is not the first who saw the operative possibilities of the great Teutonic epic. Felix's stay in Berlin was shortlived. He found that he had nothing to do, that difficulties sprang up on all sides, and that there was no hope that lapse of time would smooth the way for him. He proposed to the King to diminish his salary, and set him free from the obligation of living in Berlin, which was at length agreed to.

In May 1847 Fanny Hensel, whilst seated at the piano conducting a rehearsal for her Sunday music, was suddenly seized with illness, and by eleven o'clock the same night had breathed her last. Her husband seems to have been prostrated by the blow, for he apparently never worked at his art from that time forth, and the other members of the family were all deeply stricken at the sudden end to a life they held so dear. The death of his sister undoubtedly had some share in hastening Felix's own, for in the November following it the great composer was no more. We have purposely refrained from giving the fresh details to be found in these volumes concerning Felix and his wife, for two reasons—first, the public are already very well acquainted with his life from his own letters, and secondly, we prefer to send the reader to the volumes themselves, which we think he will find repay the trouble of perusal. Few families would bear the test of the publication of their private correspondence, and few could show an inner life so free from disagreements and petty squabbles. Herr Hensel has conferred a benefit on society by this record of the Mendelssohn family.

OLD SOUTH WALES.*

THIS book will, we fear, disappoint the expectations of those who remember Mr. Sikes's work on Welsh folk-lore. It is, indeed, rather more interesting than the majority of the books compiled by tourists of every class and in every country; but this is no very high praise, and Mr. Sikes had given his readers the right to hope for something far better. It is perhaps natural that the writer of a book which has met with some success should endeavour to follow it up as soon as may be with another, and the readiest means of doing this is to collect and publish stray articles which have been contributed to reviews and magazines. But, however well these may be suited to the purpose for which they were originally written, it does not by any means follow that they will be equally interesting when read consecutively. This is especially true in the case of a series of articles on exactly similar subjects, where a certain amount of repetition is unavoidable. One ruined castle in Wales is very much like another; and, when various castles have been built at about the same period, and in the same circumstances, they will resemble each other as much in their history as in their style of architecture. The papers of which the present volume consists appeared, too, in American magazines; and this fact has necessitated the introduction of many details which English readers might very well have taken for granted. In descriptions, moreover, it is rather the representative than the distinctive features which are made prominent. Thus we have forty pages occupied by an account of a very commonplace country fair, and the town of Cardiff is described in terms which would apply, with very little alteration, to most seaport towns in England and Wales. It is rather amusing, too, to notice the necessity which seems to exist of warning American readers that the old quarter of a town is not necessarily a poor quarter.

Apart from the monotony to which we have referred, there is much that is interesting in the accounts of some of the most important ruins in South Wales. In South Wales Mr. Sikes

legitimately includes Monmouthshire, which is decidedly more Welsh than English in its character and associations, and where some of the finest examples of Norman and early English architecture are to be found. The castles of the Lords Marchers and those which the Welsh chieftains began to build in self-defence about the time of Stephen are unaccountably neglected by English people generally, and Mr. Sikes would have done valuable work had he undertaken a connected history of the advance of English and Normans into Wales as marked by the line of fortresses which penetrated year by year further beyond the original border line between the two countries. Still it is scarcely a fair ground of quarrel with a writer that he has preferred an easy to a difficult task, however much one may wish that his choice had been different; and Mr. Sikes tells the tale of his ramblings for the most part pleasantly enough. Starting from Cardiff, he wanders up the Taff to Merthyr, describing Llandaff and the magnificent ruins of Caerphilly Castle. Thence he passes on to the Usk, and journeys down stream from Abergavenny, past Usk and Caerleon, to Newport. At Caerleon, of course, he has something to say about King Arthur and his Knights, and he approaches the site once occupied by the Round Table with due faith. It is characteristic of Mr. Sikes's preference for the romantic side of history that he accepts readily the glowing account given by Giraldu Cambrensis of the traces remaining in his time of the former splendours of Caerleon. The more prosaic account of Henry of Huntingdon is not even mentioned. Next to the chops which Mr. Sikes had for supper, and the moderate price charged for them, the most interesting feature of Caerleon seems to have been the Museum. Among the illustrations are drawings of some of the Roman remains to be seen there. A few more such drawings might with advantage have replaced the representations of the game of Aunt Sally and of the shooting gallery which occur later on in the volume; but Mr. Sikes is evidently no classical scholar, or he would not have translated the words "Maximo II. et Urbano Cos." which are inscribed on a stone found at Caerleon, "in the Consulate of Maximo II. and Urbano." From the Usk we pass on to the Wye, and here Chepstow and Tintern are well described. The account of Chepstow Castle concludes with a quaint paragraph of condolence with the Duke of Beaufort on being the proprietor of so many interesting but "utterly unprofitable" ruins, which public opinion requires that he should keep in good condition. The topographical portion of the book ends with a description of Raglan Castle, and of the waterworks invented by the second Marquess of Worcester, whereby in 1640 the Puritan searchers for arms were so much alarmed that they took to flight, leaving the object of their visit unaccomplished. Of the remaining chapters the most interesting are two on Welsh women. Mr. Sikes seems to have made some study of the various orders of female beauty, though, as we shall presently see, he is not very happy in his account of how such widely different types came to exist in Wales. The tragic story of the beheaded Princess Gwenllïan is perhaps better told than any other tale in the book.

On the whole, Mr. Sikes's style is agreeable, in spite of occasional Americanisms; but he has neither the literary power nor the original habits of thought which are necessary to make a personal narrative interesting. His generalizations are somewhat obvious, and his moralizing is of the nature of platitude. He is apparently not very familiar with English scenery or English country life in general, and hence he is led to regard as exclusively Welsh many customs and institutions which are quite common all over the island. The descriptions are for the most part clear and intelligible, and with the aid of the illustrations they give a good idea of the scenery and architecture of South Wales. The only fault to be found with them is that they savour too strongly of the guide-book; we cannot, indeed, help thinking that reminiscences of Murray must have been sometimes present, no doubt unconsciously, to the writer's mind. The subject is in one or two cases treated in exactly the same way, and more than once the literary and historical quotations in the two works are identical. It is perhaps impossible that any one should write of Chepstow without introducing Southey's lines on Marten's tower, so we lay no stress on this coincidence; but in the chapter on Raglan, Mr. Sikes quotes, without mentioning the names of the writers, two passages both of which are cited in Murray. One of these, on p. 166, he has transcribed so carelessly as to make complete nonsense of it. The illustrations, like the text, are for the most part reproduced from American magazines, and are of various degrees of merit. The drawings of ruined castles and of Tintern Abbey are well done, but others, to which we have already referred, are quite unworthy of a place in any book. Perhaps the best of all is a vigorous sketch of black cattle, pouring through a gateway "like ink out of a bottle," as Mr. Sikes phrases it. It is executed in the style with which *Scribner's Monthly* has made us familiar.

For history, properly so called, Mr. Sikes has little taste. He tells us candidly that he very much prefers legend, however slight may be the foundations upon which its rests. He is quite prepared to accept King Arthur and his knights and all the wonderful tales told of their exploits from the days of Geoffrey of Monmouth to those of Mr. Tennyson. Why any one should deliberately choose fiction when fact is so very much more interesting we are not called upon to discuss. We may, however, be allowed to suspect that this contemptuous attitude with regard to history proceeds in some measure from ignorance of it; for the very slight sketch of early Welsh history with which the first chapter opens contains a startling and comprehensive blunder.

* *Rambles and Studies in Old South Wales*. By Wirt Sikes, Author of "British Goblins," "Studies of Assassination," &c. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1881.

We may pass over the account of the giant Albion whom Hercules slew, and of Brutus the grandson of Æneas, though Mr. Sikes seems rather inclined to include their existence and connexion with Britain among the "rugged, but respectable, truths" which he finds it so difficult to separate from "delicious, but disreputable, fable." The mistake to which we refer lies in the astonishing statement that the boundaries of Wales were undisturbed from the year 585 until the reign of Henry VIII. Has Mr. Sikes never heard of Offa, who extended the limits of Mercia from the Severn to the Wye, and of the countless barons who carried on the work of conquest and settlement until Edward I. finally subdued the whole country? Elsewhere, too, we find similar inaccuracy. In describing Portskewet, Mr. Sikes speaks of the palace which Harold built on the land won from "Gruffydd, Prince of South Wales." This Gruffydd, who, by the way, was King, not Prince of South Wales, had been killed in 1055 by his rival Gruffydd ap Llywelin, King of North Wales, just before the latter, in conjunction with Ælfgar of Mercia, made his first raid upon Hereford. It was to avenge this raid that Harold first engaged in warfare with the Welsh, and the palace at Portskewet was not built until ten years later, two years after the final defeat and death of Gruffydd ap Llywelin.

In a chapter on Welsh ethnology, the subject is treated after the same casual fashion. Mr. Sikes explains the existence of different types very imperfectly. He refers to the Scandinavian incursions, which have no doubt left their mark upon the country, and he mentions the frequent intermarriages between Welsh and Normans; but he takes little notice of the English element in the population, although the evidence of language makes it perhaps more easily traced than any other. In Radnorshire, for instance, English has been for a long time the language of the people—a fact which is, in a great measure, due to the annexation of this part of the country to England after the second campaign of Harold, when, moreover, the vale of Clwyd was added to the shire of Chester, and the land of Gwent between the Wye and the Usk to the shire of Gloucester. In referring to the remarkable tenacity with which the different elements in the population of Pembrokeshire have retained their separate languages and national characteristics, Mr. Sikes does not attempt to explain how these two races came to live in such close proximity, and why they were likely to cherish such lasting feelings of enmity against each other. Of course the English-speaking inhabitants are the descendants of the Flemish settlers who were established in the southern part of the county by Henry I. Their introduction was an important feature in Henry's scheme of colonization, by which he hoped to keep the country in a state of tranquillity. Sir Walter Scott, in the *Betrothed*, describes a similar colony of Flemings who lived by the castle of one of the Lords Marchers and enjoyed his protection in return for military service in time of need. A settlement was made in Gower probably about the same time as the more important one in Pembrokeshire, and has led to an exactly similar state of things. Mr. Sikes is not much happier in his literary than in his historical references. The sight of a pair of crosses reminds him of *My Novel*, and he meditates as follows:—"I fancied I saw Signor Riccabocca sitting in them with his gaudy Italian umbrella up, and heard the shouts of the villagers as they pelted the unfortunate Professor with the rotten eggs and other missiles which he so little deserved." Here Mr. Sikes's imagination quite runs away with him. Dr. Riccabocca suffered nothing worse from his rash experiment than a brief period of restraint, as the Squire luckily discovered his situation before the villagers were well out of church, and by the happy suggestion of Frank Hazeldene, their attention was diverted in time.

In the last chapter of the book Mr. Sikes suddenly reveals himself in the character of a temperance lecturer. He describes the coffee-tavern movement, and goes back rather needlessly to the "times of Dryden and Swift." He indignantly repudiates the assertion of a writer in a London journal that Wales and Scotland are the most immoral parts of Her Majesty's dominions, and proceeds to prove his denial by the fact, if it be one, that there are "more teetotalers in little Wales than in all England." This is scarcely to the point, as drunkenness is not the form of immorality chiefly attributed to the Welsh. However, in a book which is mainly topographical, the matter is not of much importance, and we should not have referred to it were it not for the manner in which Mr. Sikes throws back the reproach upon the English. He chiefly attacks the clergy, of whom he writes as follows:—

While there is, unfortunately, quite enough intemperance in the United States, it is confined almost always to certain classes. It does not touch the American clergy, for example; it does touch the British clergy. A tipping divine, in America, would be looked upon with horror, and would not be tolerated; in England a tipping divine would not be especially a subject of pity and object of reproach, except to professional teetotalers, and he would be such even to them only in a very mild degree, unless he were a downright drunkard.

It is a pity that a book intended in the first instance for American readers should contain such stuff as this. No sensible American desires to revive the traditions of that circle of which Elijah Pogram was the brightest ornament.

ANGLERS' EVENINGS.*

THE second series of papers by members of the Manchester Angling Club seems to us, on the whole, neither so interesting nor so well written as the former volume. There is far too much of an excessively and provokingly feeble sort of humour. If the associated anglers are capable of being amused by the mild jests printed here, and if they expect readers to laugh with them, we must congratulate them on the simplicity of their tastes, while we cannot but admire their ignorance of the world. The great jest is for the fishers to give each other nicknames. We select, as specimens, Red Hackle, Coach, Coached, Stargazer, Squills, Quills, and Bills. Anglers in Manchester may laugh consumedly over this sort of wit, but it rather chills and depresses the reader and the amateur who happens not to be a Manchester man. Then there is a good deal of fun perpetrated in what we take to be some local dialect in a highly advanced condition of phonetic decay. This is the kind of thing we mean. "Well, Bill sheawts eawt, 'thee put the propendikeler in thisel,'" and so forth. Without the aid of a Lancashire Dialect Society, the humour about thisels, whatever they may be, is lost on the public. After the jests in *patois*, the fun of a worthy fisherman who calls his paper "The Wye and the Wherefore" seems intelligible and civilized. Several of the papers—for example, one on the meres in Shropshire—tell only of not very exciting perch and pike-fishing. There is a singular essay on three fishers who went forth in a four-wheeled cab, and fished with strange selections of live bait in a reservoir. This story, no doubt, contains some local chaff, intelligible enough at Manchester. But if the Anglers' Association wish to make their volumes generally acceptable, as we think the first was, they must manage to get better papers, papers which contain fishing lore worth knowing, or adventures of a more exciting nature than perch and reservoir can supply.

The first essay is an account of fishing on the Border, in Berwickshire and the neighbourhood. It contains nothing of any interest. The next describes what we know to be an extremely beautiful walk from the town of Moffat to the lonely Crook Inn on the upper waters of the Tweed. This walk traverses the finest hill-scenery in the south of Scotland. The hills—Hart Fell, Raven Crag, Priest Crag, and the sharp ridge of Saddle Yoke—are very bare and precipitous, and reach an average of 2,400 feet in height. From these hills run the earliest tributaries of the Tweed, such as the Fruid and the Gameshope burn. The heights and fastnesses among the morasses were the watch-towers and strong places of the Cameronians in the persecuting times. One martyr, slain in 1685, was buried in a village churchyard near the Crook Inn, and some very doggerel verse was inscribed on the tomb in 1725. Before reaching this monument, one passes a narrow cleft in the hills, through which the lonely burn, the Tala, falls in a series of linn. There is plenty of good fishing water in the Tala, and it is very seldom fished—that is to say, fairly. But the poachers from Hawick, the curse of a twenty-miles radius, come over and net the streams, and last summer we found that the fish were extremely small. There can scarcely be prettier fishing-water than the Tweed near the Crook; it resembles the upper waters of the Severn. When there is water in the river, and when an excessively bitter east wind does not blow, there is scarcely a better haunt for the unambitious trout-fisher than the lonely but comfortable Crook Inn. Mr. Heywood is the author of the paper on this stretch of the Tweed; Mr. Mackenzie, a great advocate of fishing up-stream, writes on the same river, lower in its course, between Thornilee and Clovenford. The Tweed is sadly degenerate, partly owing to the hideous recklessness of manufacturers who drift their dyes and poisons down the water, partly because every weaver out of work is for ever angling, partly because less honest and sportsmanlike artisans poach with nets whenever they get a chance. Yet even now the Tweed contains numbers of very fine trout. For half an hour at a time, in spring or autumn, if the weather be at all "soft" and genial, one may see whole streams and pools broken by the rising fish. Often they persist in rising in the deep water on the further side, under trees, just where one cannot cast over them without wading in over the top of one's wading stockings. Then, when you do reach them, the odds are that the line, being carried down in a curve by the stream, cannot be tightened in time to "strike" successfully, and you return home wet, disappointed, and determined to try again to-morrow. Mr. Mackenzie, who has had good sport on the Tweed, was converted to up-stream fishing by Mr. Stewart's *Practical Angler*, published more than twenty years ago. "The result was a revelation. No longer was I bothered by parr, those pests of a down-stream fisher. To make up my basket I had only to cover a tithe of the ground, and if I caught fewer I had very much larger trout, and these more securely hooked." Our own experience is unlike Mr. Mackenzie's. Fired by the perusal of Mr. Stewart's book, we began wading up-stream, and were instantly carried off by the current. It is easy to fish up stream in small waters, but in the Tweed wading up is very hard work. The bottom, too, is very treacherous; after a few yards of level footing you slip over a ledge, perhaps out of your depth, or find yourself in a current from which the only escape lies in retracing your steps. It is certain, as Mr. Mackenzie says, that for fishing up-stream one needs a very light rod. With an instrument of this sort and a single fly (black spider with orange

* *Anglers' Evenings*. Papers by Members of the Manchester Anglers' Association. Second Series. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1882.

body), he has made very heavy baskets in those burns which are seldom fished except with worm. In the Stanhope burn in June, he filled a twenty-four pound creel and all his pockets; and in Gameshope burn has frequently caught trout up to a pound and a half. "But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill," as the Scholar Gipsy says. Mr. Mackenzie's plan, on the Tweed, is to stick to two or three pools and streams, and fish them upwards over and over again. This plan may be profitable, but one sees little of the scenery by such stationary practice. Probably anglers care for the beauties of nature, just in proportion to their want of success with the trout. We quote an adventure of Mr. Mackenzie's, an adventure like that which Swift said soured him for life with the cruelty of its disappointment. For our own part, when once a trout has been played, we think he has done his duty, there is no more fun to be had out of him, and he is welcome to his life:—

One May-day, three seasons ago, I was fishing in the stream below the island at Thornilee. I had just succeeded in grasping a noble two-pounder—which, by the way, I had put the fly over at least fifty times. Fully a quarter of an hour did I devote to that fish, he feeding all the while; but my turn came at last. I was enjoying a pipe afterwards on the bank, when opposite, in shallowish water, I saw a tremendous fellow start feeding. Crouching down, I entered the stream about twenty yards below the fish, and coming on quietly, covered him. Up he came, and I had him fast. He made a rush like a grilse. For twenty minutes I played that fish, and as the banks were high, I had to net him in the river. This I did, and raised him up triumphant—(there were bright eyes observant on the bank). "Oh! what a trout!" I heard; and then, to my dismay, a yellow mass fell from the net with mighty splash into the river. To let go was the work of a second, but it was too late; my dropper had caught; the tail fly came home with a bit of skin attached, and I was left lamenting. On examination I found the net was rotten. It had been put away damp some time or other, and the weight of the fish—he was four pounds if he was an ounce—simply crashed through.

Mr. Mackenzie says with truth that the use of the landing-net is a new thing on those Border waters. The grassy banks are often high, and the natives waste much time, and lose many trout, by fishing without landing-nets.

Talking of fishing up-stream naturally leads us to the Honorary Secretary's paper on "The Vision of Fishes." He finds that, though up-stream fishing is best, yet more easy-going anglers do take trout which, on scientific principles, they should not do. He concludes that trout do not see so clearly as we are apt to suppose. "In the matter of sight, we, as compared to trout, have the best of it." We have stood on the high bank of a clear pool, and made trout, which were perfectly visible, follow a spinning minnow up to the bank, when they thought worse of it, and retired. This does not look as if trout had so clear a view of the angler. The Secretary writes:—"In the distortion of objects near the horizon lies the safety of the fisherman, and of course the taller a man is, the more plainly he is to be seen. Without considering the scientific reason for it, every angler feels instinctively that he is rendered more invisible by stooping or kneeling as he approaches a stream." The writer adds, with great truth, that trout may not object much to a waving rod, because they are accustomed to waving boughs; but they are not accustomed to boughs glittering and highly varnished, which shine like mirrors in the sun. Here, too, is a discussion on the odd things that trout will rise at. The Secretary says:—"I have brought a trout to the top several times with a bit of paper that I have filleted into the stream a few yards above the place where I knew he lay." Last summer we happened to visit the Nith, near Dumfries, when the water was so brown and thick that fly-fishing seemed impossible. Trout were rising eagerly at what appeared to be bits of bark and other refuse floating on the flood. They absolutely declined to look at a fly or a minnow, and persisted in rising at objects which cannot have been really nutritive. And we have seen all the lower pools of Meggat water alive with large trout rising at thistledown which was drifted down by a light wind. These trout, however, did not disdain a fly if adroitly cast among them. The Secretary remarks that artificial worms are sold, and it is a fact that uneducated trout may be taken with them. An angler declares that, in the Highlands last year, he saw a boy take a number of trout with heather bells strung on a bait-hook. The boy was almost as reluctant to explain the trick as the last of the Picts to communicate the secret of heather-beer—

Though ye should me kill
I will not you tell
How we brew the yell
Frae the heather-bell.

The story seems scarcely credible. Perhaps, however, some æsthetic angler will make the experiment and see whether trout really do rise to heather-bells, as—according to a hasty poet—tench rise at dragon-flies.

"Prehistoric Fishing" is treated of by Mr. Faraday, F.L.S., without very much addition to our knowledge. He suggests that "the adoption of a fish diet may have had an influence in the evolution of the mental superiority which distinguishes man from the lower animals." The same fact accounts for the mental superiority which distinguishes herons from hawks. Early man certainly was a great oyster-eater. It is odd that there are plenty of oyster shells in the kitchen middens of the Andaman Islands, while the present islanders do not eat oysters. Have "the islands Andaman" been conquered by a race whose totem is the oyster? Mr. Faraday says hooks were made of ox-horn in Homer's time. This is very unlikely. A small pipe of horn was more probably used to pro-

tect the line from the teeth of the fish. Homer's men never ate fish when they could get flesh, and it is not in the Iliad that Diomedes, in a base and unsportsmanlike manner, assassinates Palamedes when angling. The Eskimo use unbarbed hooks, and sham beetles instead of artificial flies. The Maoris ascribe the invention of the barb to Maui, their "culture hero." Mr. Faraday thinks men were possibly fishers before they were hunters. It seems pretty certain, at least, that they lived on shell-fish before they took to the chase. Mr. Faraday tries to make out that fishing was the origin of civilization; but his arguments are rather of the fanciful sort used by philologists than capable of actual demonstration. His philology, too, is "flukey," Sanscrit, Murri, and Red Indian being mixed up in a way which scarcely seems scientific. But these are too high matters for an anglers' evening. The other papers are of scanty or local interest, and the drawing which illustrates a song scarcely deserved reproduction. Some of the drawings of landscape are not unpleasant.

THE GREAT TONTINE.*

THERE are so many different kinds of novels in these days that they seem to deserve special classification; and in reviewing a novel it is best to say at once to which description it belongs. The book before us is of the class which owes most of its virtue to the plot of the story, and very little to the delicate delineation of the characters. Moreover, the chief subject of the book is money, and its principal interest consists in the question as to which of certain specified persons will, at the end of the third volume, become the happy possessor of 160,000*l.* The story is interesting, and the excitement is well sustained throughout. The author has contrived to produce the necessary amount of "agony" without introducing horrors, and he has avoided tragedy, while he has indulged but sparingly in broad comedy. Yet the book never becomes dull; and, if it does not give the reader what Americans call "the jumps," it frequently conveys the agreeable impression that it is likely to do so. The heroes and heroines are but ordinary mortals, and even the villains are amusing. It is difficult to find a novel with an exciting plot without a murder; but there is no murder in *The Great Tontine*, although an old lady sickens and dies through fear lest there may be one. There is certainly that *déte noire* of reviewers a detective policeman; but he is by no means preternaturally clever, and he is quite eclipsed by some amateurs. On the whole, we may say that, although this novel is anything but likely to send a person to sleep, it is equally unlikely to disturb natural slumbers. It is exciting, but in a pleasant manner; and its sensationalism is not of a morbid or unwholesome nature. We should say that it was admirably adapted to while away a railway journey or a lonely evening; and, although it is in no sense didactic, it is quite harmless.

It might be rash to take for granted that everybody knows what a tontine is. Yet it is an old-fashioned word enough, and is said to have been derived from the name of its inventor, an Italian named Tonti. A tontine is simply a financial scheme, the profits of which fall to the survivor of the speculators. The story of *The Great Tontine* opens with a prologue, in which the special tontine and its conditions are described, and the reader is introduced to all the investors who are concerned in the plot of the novel. The events described in the prologue are supposed to have happened rather more than twenty years ago, and, as an introduction, the author notices a few of the leading public incidents of those days, which the judicious reader will doubtless skip. Between a rubber at whist and a game of *écarté*, in the opening chapter, one of the players thus describes in detail the particulars of the Great Tontine:—

"The 'Great Tontine,' my dear Fortescue," replied the barrister, "is a scheme for the benefit of society, as originated in the fertile brain of Mr. Salisbury, the great operative impresario. He has discovered that London has no opera house worthy of the greatest metropolis in the world. He proposes to at once remedy this state of things by erecting one completely furnished with all the newest mechanical inventions of the age. . . . A suitable site will be selected, and the estimated trifle of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds will be raised by the 'Great Tontine,' and that is simply the issuing of sixteen hundred shares of one hundred pounds a-piece. For every hundred pounds share you take you must nominate a life, not less than sixty years old, that is, you must give the name of some person who has attained that age—any one you like; but he or she representing the hundred pounds share must have attained the sixtieth birthday, and a copy of the baptismal register, and the name of the place where he or she was baptized, must be stated upon application for shares." . . . "The sixteen hundred shares being all taken up, and the names attached to them being all carefully registered, and the necessary inquiries into all the said lives being *bona-fide* sixty years of age, the 'Great Tontine' begins. With the capital thus acquired the opera house is at once commenced, and in about two years should be finished and in full swing. As soon as that takes place five per cent. per annum is to be paid to the shareholders. This, of course, represents his rent to the lessee of the new opera house. Five per cent. on one hundred and sixty thousand pounds represents eight thousand a-year. As the lives lapse their nominators lose all interest in the affair, and the rental is divided amongst those shareholders whose nominees are still living; consequently, those fortunate enough to have made long-lived selections find their income increasing annually. The last eight, for instance, will be drawing a thousand a-year interest on their hundred pounds share; the last two will have increased to four thousand a-year; while the shareholder who has nominated the final life becomes the proprietor of the whole."

* *The Great Tontine*. A Novel. By Hawley Smart, Author of "Breezie Langton," &c. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1881.

The *écarté* players then make a pool of 100*l.*, and agree that the winner shall invest the whole in one share of the Great Tontine. The fortunate man turns out to be a certain Lord Lakington, who nominates his mother-in-law as his "life." It may be well to mention here that the directors of the Great Tontine bind themselves to keep the names of the nominees declared by the shareholders an inviolable secret. In the second chapter we are introduced to two other speculators in the Great Tontine; one of these is Mr. Hemmingby, the proprietor of a London theatre, the other a pettifogging attorney named Pegram, who had lately amassed considerable wealth by buying up land at a rising Welsh watering-place. In the third and last chapter of the prologue we meet with the only other investor in the tontine with whom we are to be concerned. This is a certain Miss Caterham, who chooses as her nominee an Irish man-servant of intemperate habits. Thus ends the prologue, and then begins "the drama."

Twenty years are supposed to have elapsed since the nominations for the Great Tontine, and all the survivors are necessarily at least eighty years of age. Only four remain—namely, those mentioned in the prologue. Their nominators were now receiving 2,000*l.* a year each on their original investment of 100*l.*, and every one of the four hoped to come in for the 8,000*l.* a year permanent income which would fall to the share of the last left in the tontine. Mr. Hemmingby's nominee soon died, and the tontine was now reduced to three—Lord Lakington, Lawyer Pegram, and Miss Caterham. Lord Lakington had ruined himself by racing, and depended solely for his income upon the proceeds of the tontine. He lived with his widowed mother-in-law, who was, without her knowledge, his representative in the speculation, and he had an only daughter, who became the heroine of the story. Mr. Pegram had a son, of whom he was anxious to make a country gentleman. His nominee, an old clerk named Krabbe, had broken down in health. Mr. Pegram took him to a watering-place for change of air, but, on his return, Mr. Krabbe was apparently completely shattered, and was lodged in a quiet cottage under the charge of a nurse provided by his late master. He rarely consented to see anybody, and, when he did, was completely wrapped up in warm over-garments, scarcely speaking to or noticing anybody. Considering the interest it must have been to his nominator to keep him alive, the experienced reader will at once form his own conclusions about Mr. Krabbe, but we very much question whether many people will guess rightly as to the identity of the swaddled inmate of the cottage. He is one of the chief interests of the story, and, upon the whole, the part is not so badly done. Yet we must say that we consider his share of the story a little careless here and there. It would have been more to old Pegram's interest to keep his interesting invalid far away, which he might easily have done on the ground of obtaining a better climate, and the conduct of the doctor was simply impossible. Again, after the death of the inmate of the cottage, there were some mistakes which never would have been committed by a man of Lawyer Pegram's astuteness.

Miss Caterham's representative, the drunken Irishman, was missing. Miss Caterham could not prove him to be alive, neither could the directors of the tontine prove him to be dead, therefore her share in the proceeds of the Company was withheld until some satisfactory evidence should be forthcoming. Presuming that the Irishman must be dead, Lord Lakington and Pegram proceeded to compromise in the following fashion. Lord Lakington's charming daughter was to marry the lawyer's vulgar son, and, while half the tontine was to be settled on Lord Lakington for his life and the other half on his daughter on her marriage, the whole was to become the property of Mr. and Mrs. Pegram, junior, on Lord Lakington's death. In addition to this Pegram promised to leave the whole of his property to his son. Out of affection for her father, Lord Lakington's daughter agreed to this odious arrangement, although she was already deeply in love with her cousin, Jack Phillimore, the heir presumptive to her father's title. In course of time Miss Caterham died, and her interest in the tontine and the Irishman was bequeathed to her niece, Mary Chichester, "a somewhat tall maiden," "with glossy brown hair and eyes to match, and a frank, fair countenance that intuitively" disposed "people to like her upon first acquaintance." This young lady, unlike the other heroine, fell in love with her lawyer of her own accord. It may be observed that at this stage of the story the plot is thick enough to satisfy the most greedy reader. To say nothing of the two love affairs, and an odd "love-sick maiden" whom we have had no occasion to notice, there were plenty of mysteries to occupy the attention of the lawyers and detectives. Where was the drunken Irishman on whose life or death so much depended? If he was dead, where did he die, and where was the register of his death? If he was living, where was he to be found? Was the inmate of the lonely cottage the veritable Krabbe? If he was not Krabbe, who was he? Who was his mysterious nurse? Was it certain that old Krabbe was Pegram's nominee? If there was a fraud, could it be found out in time to prevent the marriage between Lord Lakington's daughter and Pegram junior? The interest of the story consists in the unravelling of all these mysteries, and we will not spoil the pleasure of future readers of the book by disclosing them. The whole plot of the story is well worked out, and the various collateral interests and mysteries are never confusing to the reader. One reason of this is that the number of characters is judiciously limited. When a novelist fancies himself an artist in portraying characters, he is generally tempted to crowd too many

into one story, the result being that his readers find it difficult to remember all the people to whom they are introduced. We should scarcely say that Mr. Hawley Smart had the power of making his readers feel any very deep sympathy with his puppets. However interesting he may make his stories, they contain but little pathos. His sketches of character are not badly drawn; but they are only sketches. Perhaps the most clumsy piece of portraiture in *The Great Tontine* is that of Jack Phillimore, an officer in the navy. He has too much the air of the "ship ahoy" stage sailor; and we did not care to hear that "he stole his arm round" his lady-love's waist. We have often observed that very capable novelists seem to get quite demoralized when once they have introduced the "jolly sailor" into their pages. Nobody "stole his arm round" waists in the book before us until the Jack Tar had appeared upon the scene. Lord Lakington is well drawn. The following account of his condition, in the first volume, accurately describes the state of many of the smart-looking young gentlemen that are to be met with in good society:—

If, thanks to his mother-in-law, he was assured of a modest home, still, for the next few years, Lord Lakington knew what it was to go through dire straits for ready money. It is no uncommon case with scores of well-dressed, apparently prosperous, men; they lounge about London, live in comfortable homes, and seldom have a cab-fare in their pockets. It is a curiously bitter experience at first to have no fear with regard to the necessities of life, but to be without the means of indulging in the minor luxuries; to know that your bed, dinner, and even your bottle of wine are surely and sufficiently provided for, but to feel that you must walk because you have not the wherewithal to pay for a hansom, and cannot indulge in a glass of sherry at the club because you have not a sixpence in your pocket. No hardships these in reality; but it is open to question whether spendthrifts like Lakington do not suffer more from these minor miseries than they do from the fierce pangs of genuine poverty.

We may venture to point out that *The Great Tontine* is too full of singular coincidences. Perhaps it might be difficult to write an exciting story without having recourse to singular coincidences; but where they exist in excess they can hardly escape the notice of a candid critic. We may conclude by observing that the end of *The Great Tontine* is not, in our opinion, quite so satisfactory as it might have been; but on this point readers are likely to differ considerably.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE appearance of an English translation makes it unnecessary for us to say much here about the most important among the recent productions of German literature, the fifth volume of Prince Metternich's Memoirs (1). Although containing nothing so dramatic as the memorable scene with Napoleon prior to the interruption of the armistice on the eve of the battle of Dresden, it is much more readable than any preceding volume. This is partly due to the gracefulness and genuine human interest of the accompanying diary of the Princess Metternich, partly to the lively picture, the more striking because self-portrayed, of the dread and disgust excited in the minds of the despots of Europe by the Revolution of July and the accession of a Liberal Ministry to power in England. Metternich himself appears, as in previous volumes, right-minded, high-principled, opinionated, short-sighted, and utterly incapable in everything outside the department of diplomacy in its narrowest acceptation.

Another publication very interesting in itself can only receive a brief notice here. Hermann Grimm's essay on his remarkable relative, Bettina von Arnim (2), has already appeared in the *Goethe-Jahrbuch*. It now appears at the head of a new edition of her imaginary correspondence with Goethe. This remarkable collection is very well defined by Herr Grimm as embodying Bettina's idea of what Goethe ought to have written to her, and of what she would have written to him if he had given her the opportunity. Although destitute of literal, it is nevertheless informed by poetic truth; and, even apart from its fancy and imagination, possesses a substantial value. It would be very interesting to know how Shakspeare appeared to a romantic female contemporary, even if there were reason to surmise that her feelings had been more or less dressed up for literary effect. In our opinion, these celebrated letters are decidedly inferior to Bettina's equally ideal correspondence with her brother Clemens, which was probably elaborated with much less effort.

The name of Athenais, the subject of the last monograph of the ever-entertaining Gregorovius (3), will perhaps be discovered with difficulty in the list of Byzantine Emperresses. It is, in fact, the original appellation of the Empress Eudocia, consort of Theodosius II., long the grateful dependent, at length the unsuccessful competitor, of his sister Pulcheria; and Gregorovius's somewhat misleading choice of a title is so far justified that the heathen maiden, the daughter of the philosopher Leontius, is a personage far more attractive to the imagination than the superstitious and profuse Christian Empress, whose devotion to relics and largesses to holy shrines have, notwithstanding her aberration into heresy and her ingratitude to her benefactress, earned her an honourable place in Byzantine annals. Eudocia was nevertheless an interesting person in many respects; and her period, the age of

(1) *Aus Metternich's nachgelassenen Papieren*. Bd. 5. Wien. Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

(2) *Goethe's Briefwechsel mit einem Kinde*. Herausgegeben von Hermann Grimm. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(3) *Athenais. Geschichte einer byzantinischen Kaiserin*. Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Nutt.

Attila, although an epoch of dissolution and degeneracy, still partakes of the sad and lingering beauty of the sunset of a brilliant day. Whatever is picturesque in the Empress or the persons with whom she was brought into contact is carefully gathered up and dexterously presented by Gregorovius; and an appendix on her writings possesses considerable literary interest. Eudocia verified the legend of the repentant enchanter Cyprian, perhaps the earliest trace of that idea of a compact with the Evil One which attained its full development in *Faust*. Gregorovius gives a German version of the fragments of this work, which are not devoid of poetical merit.

The scope of Dr. Karl Schmidt's treatise on the barbarous custom of the *jus prime noctis* (4) is much more extensive than could have been inferred from the title. It comprises an investigation of a great number of similar exercises of seigniorial rights, some vestiges of which exist still in the shape of heriots and fines on the renewal of leases. The author's range of reading and research is immense, and the work is accompanied by a most valuable bibliography.

We are indebted to Richard Andree for an interesting compilation of facts relative to the Jewish race (5), which, with some retrenchments, would be well worthy of translation. Herr Andree is by no means a mere compiler, but exercises an intelligent judgment on his materials; his work is well arranged and very readable, and many of the facts he adduces are by no means generally known. He is full of information on the physical and constitutional peculiarities of the Jews; the bastard Jewish dialects which have sprung up in Germany, Turkey, and other countries; Jewish customs and superstitions; the Gentile tribes, such as the Falashas of Abyssinia, who have embraced Judaism; and the statistics of Jewish dispersion throughout the world. The total Jewish population in all countries is estimated, it appears, at 6,139,000, of which more than five-sixths dwell in Europe—Asia containing only 182,847. We should certainly have thought this latter estimate too low. The book is accompanied by a map coloured to show the comparative density of the Jewish population throughout Central Europe. If the returns can be relied upon, it would appear that the proportion of Jews is greatest in Roumania, where it is nearly twice as high as in Russia, and lowest in Norway, where, out of a population of 1,800,000, only 34 are Jews.

It is interesting to learn the views of an intelligent Cuban proprietor upon the condition and prospects of that magnificent colony. Señor de Larrinaga (6), the owner of an estate in Cuba, and who has resided some time in the island, but who does not appear to be a native Cuban, has prepared an interesting sketch of its past economical history, and of the crisis now impending over it from the approaching extinction of slavery. Señor Larrinaga thinks that the existing large estates must be broken up into smaller holdings, cultivated in the first instance by tenants, who will gradually become proprietors through the assistance furnished by a national bank to be created for the purpose. A readjustment of taxation will also be requisite. He does not approve of the introduction of coolie labour.

Paul Frauenstädt's investigation of the avenging and the expiation of murder in the middle ages forms a very interesting study (7). The latter of these institutions is called into being by the former; the ideas of the obligation of private vengeance, natural to a rude age in which passions were strong and the arm of justice weak, would have kept society in continual turmoil but for the safety-valve provided by the privilege of ransoming offenders by ecclesiastical penance or pecuniary mulct. To a survival of the public sentiment thus engendered Herr Frauenstädt traces the indulgence of German judges to offences against the person in comparison with offences against property, a phenomenon constantly remarked in England also.

Eduard von Hartmann's new work (8) will hardly attract the attention commanded by most of his former ones. It did not require a thick volume to acquaint us that the course of religion from its earliest beginnings has been one of continual development. The greater part of the work is occupied by an historical summary, very well executed, but presenting no feature of novelty; the conclusion also, allowing for a slight tinge of the author's pessimism, is such as would be very generally acquiesced in by thinkers who proceed from philosophical premises. The deep dye of Herr von Hartmann's pessimism seems to be wearing out. He apparently inclines more and more to the opinion of the friend who admonished Schopenhauer that grey was black enough to paint the devil.

Herr Leopold Schmidt's treatise on Hellenic ethics (9) is evidently the work of a competent writer; but the extreme minute-

ness with which the author persists in entering into his subject will alienate the sympathies of many readers who would have been glad to have his results without his processes.

Dr. Hoehne's essay on Kant's Pelagianism (10) is substantially a treatise on the relations between his philosophy in its ethical aspect and Evangelical theology.

Büchner's "Light and Life" (11) is in the main an exposition of the accepted scientific views respecting the mutual convertibility of heat and force, considered as the groundwork of a purely materialistic cosmology. There is little novelty in the book, which is nevertheless interesting for the account it contains of Friedrich Mohr, to whom, notwithstanding the splendid services of Mayer and Joule, the honour of priority in the publication of this grand generalization would seem to be due. Mohr gained great distinction as a pharmacologist, and considerable notoriety as one of the few modern supporters of the Neptunian system in geology; but his essay on heat, after being rejected by Poggendorf's "Annalen," appeared at length (1837) in a journal so obscure that the author himself never heard of the publication for thirty-one years. Mayer's essay, written without any knowledge of Mohr's, in 1841, was also refused by Poggendorf, but was published by Liebig in the following year, and was in so far more successful than Mohr's in attracting attention, that the contemptuous opposition it provoked unsettled the author's reason for a time, and led him to attempt suicide. That both discoverers should nevertheless have lived to see their merits recognized is mainly due to the comparative liberality of English scientific circles and the perseverance of our countryman, Joule, whose researches, leading to similar conclusions, and made in entire ignorance of the existence of the German physicist, were rewarded by the Royal Society as long ago as 1850.

The first of a series of essays by H. Blümner (12), suggested by points adverted to in Lessing's *Laocoon*, treats of the employment of allegorical representations in art. Such recourse, in the writer's opinion, is only allowable when the allegory is the exterior vesture of a deeply-felt religious idea, and as this can rarely be the case in modern art, he is disposed to proscribe it altogether. He would probably confine this exclusion to rare personifications of the virtues, vices, and abstract ideas in general, and not extend it to such semi-mythological embodiments of human thought as Fate and Fortune, with which Art could hardly dispense. Pure abstract allegory, he contends, was little known during the genuine Hellenic period, and came in with the Alexandrian school.

Georg Ebers (13) has apparently had enough of archaeological fiction, or thinks his readers may. The action of his last novel, "The Burgomaster's Wife," passes at Leyden in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. In one respect the choice of scene is judicious, for Ebers's talent bears much affinity to that of the Dutch painters, and his mastery of detail is no less apparent here than in his delineations of antique life. A certain heaviness of treatment, however, and a want of reality in his conceptions of character, are more evident in the absence of that haze of unfamiliarity which screens from too minute inspection the work of an archaeological novelist.

If hardly attaining the level of *Die Leute von Seldwyla*, Gottfried Keller's last work (14) is nevertheless deeply impressed with its author's quaint originality. It is rather a collection of tales than a complete novel, yet a connecting thread binds it into a fairly artistic whole. Two young persons, a healthy-minded charming young woman, and an unpractical, somewhat romantic young man, engage in a story-telling match upon the theme of marriages, which ends, of course, in their contracting marriage themselves. The stories are of various degrees of merit; "Regine" is perhaps the most powerful, "Die Geisterseher" the most humorous.

Angela (15), Spielhagen's last novel, is by no means one of his best, although its chief defects are of a character to attract many readers. The author strives to produce effect by blending sensationalism with immorality agreeably to approved French recipes; at the same time he does not condescend to the cold-blooded realism of the Zola school. An artist, who has married a heartless coquette out of pique, meets his former love, still unwedded, in Switzerland. The result may be imagined; and the action concludes with a sentimental catastrophe, too obviously theatrical to produce the impression designed. A redeeming merit is the warmth and spirit of the diction, sometimes even verging on extravagance.

Oscar Linke's "Milesian Tales" (16) are in fiction very much what Mr. Alma Tadema's minor pictures are in art—pieces where the poet and the archaeologist combine to depict detached scenes

(4) *Jus Prime Noctis. Eine geschichtliche Untersuchung.* Von Dr. Karl Schmidt. Freiburg: Herder. London: Williams & Norgate.

(5) *Zur Volkskunde der Juden.* Von Richard Andree. Bielefeld und Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing. London: Williams & Norgate.

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(7) *Blutrache und Todtschlagsühne im Deutschen Mittelalter.* Von Paul Frauenstädt. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

(8) *Das religiöse Bewusstsein der Menschheit im Stufengang seiner Entwicklung.* Von Eduard von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Die Ethik der alten Griechen.* Dargestellt von Leopold Schmidt. Bd. 1. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Kant's Pelagianismus und Nomismus.* Darstellung und Kritik von Dr. Emil Hoehne. Leipzig: Doerfling & Franke. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Licht und Leben. Drei allgemein verständliche naturwissenschaftliche Vorträge als Beiträge zur Theorie der natürlichen Weltordnung.* Von L. Büchner. Leipzig: Thomas. London: Williams & Norgate.

(12) *Laocoon-Studien.* Von H. Blümner. Hft. 1. Freiburg: Mohr. London: Nutt.

(13) *Die Frau Bürgermeisterin. Roman.* Von Georg Ebers. Stuttgart und Leipzig: Hallberger. London: Nutt.

(14) *Das Singspiel.* Von Gottfried Keller. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

(15) *Angela. Roman.* Von F. Spielhagen. 2 Bde. Leipzig: Staackmann. London: Williams & Norgate.

(16) *Milesische Märchen. Novellen und Geschichten aus Alt-Hellas.* Von Oscar Linke. Leipzig: Reissner. London: Nutt.

of classical life in miniature. While, however, we are frequently tempted to wish that Mr. Alma Tadema would work upon a larger scale, Herr Linke only succeeds upon a small one. None of his three long stories are successful; the first, "The Scholar of Phidias," is antique only in costume, and the other two are spoiled by the forced and needless evolution of a tragic catastrophe from a situation more suitable to comedy. Both would be greatly improved by a thorough reconstruction, to which they would readily lend themselves. The shorter pieces, on the other hand, though slight, are for the most part very successful as narratives, and inspired by a true feeling for antique life. The little poems in classical metres interspersed evince a careful study of Platen, and some of them might almost pass for his.

A notable feature in recent German literature is the number of detached essays or republications connected with the national classics. To the former category belongs a neat little essay by Dr. von Waldburg on the peculiarities of Lessing's style in the *Dramaturgie* (17), pointing out how much of its vigour is due to symmetrical balance and artful repetition. A work of similar memorial purport, although the form is biographical, is J. W. Appell's monograph on "Werther and his Time" (18), with its interesting account of the numerous imitations and parodies provoked by the extraordinary vogue of *The Sorrows of Werther*. With this may also be classed Karl Engel's copious researches into the literature of the Faust legend as a puppet play (19); a reprint of Maler Müller's *Faust* (20), with a preliminary essay on its literary history; and Schröer's copious commentary on the Second Part of Goethe's *Faust* (21).

The *Rundschau* (22) has obtained possession of another confidential Russian State paper—the commentary of General Trepoff on the acquittal of Vera Sassulitch. The particulars of this remarkable affair will be fresh in the public memory, and we need merely remark that the injured General would not only have trial by jury for political offences suppressed, but would literally enforce the maxim "Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur." The translator—probably Julius Eckardt—considers that the diplomatic defeat of Russia at Berlin has very much to do with the general discontent. Another political contribution of some importance advocates the acquisition of railways by the State, and wears the aspect of a feeler on behalf of Prince Bismarck's projects of that nature. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's paper on the Irish question will be very interesting to the German public, but contains nothing of novelty to the English. The writer's point of view is substantially Mr. Gladstone's. "The Schoolmaster of Labian," by Ernst Wichert, is a good story; and a paper on the Estonians gives a picturesque account of their condition, disposition, and superstition. They are represented as animated by feelings of animosity towards their German landlords and pastors which bode no good to either nationality.

Auf der Höhe (23) boasts this month a contribution from our distinguished countryman Mr. Wallace, who sets forth the proofs of the virtual stability, both in the past and future, of the existing distribution of land and sea, with his accustomed lucidity, although with no important novelty of statement. Another important paper is the commencement of the memoirs of the elder Sacher-Masoch, who was chief of police in Galicia. The first chapters are chiefly devoted to illustrations of the dissolute and lawless conduct of the Polish aristocracy at the period of the partition of the country. A spirited Croatian story, turning on a legend to be found in the popular repertoires of most countries, and a criticism on German literary critics, are also attractive features in an agreeable number.

The most important articles in the *Russische Revue* (24) are an account of the administration of Kashgar under the late ruler Yakoub Beg; and a paper on Russian popular legends, especially the myth of a gigantic Amazon corresponding to the Teutonic Brunhild.

(17) *Studien zu Lessing's Styl in der Hamburgischen Dramaturgie*. Von Dr. M. R. von Waldburg. Berlin: Köhl. London: Nutt.

(18) *Werther und seine Zeit. Zur Goethe-Literatur*. Von J. W. Appell. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(19) *Das Volksschauspiel Doctor Johann Faust*. Von Karl Engel. Oldenburg: Schulze. London: Nutt.

(20) *Fausts Leben*. Von Maler Müller. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

(21) *Faust. Mit Einleitung und fortlaufender Erklärung* herausgegeben von K. J. Schröer. Th. 2. Heilbronn: Henninger. London: Nutt.

(22) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. viii. Hft. 4. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner & Co.

(23) *Auf der Höhe*. Internationale Revue, herausgegeben von L. von Sacher-Masoch. Bd. 2. Hft. 1. Leipzig: Gressner & Schramm. London: Trübner & Co.

(24) *Russische Revue*. Monatsschrift für die Kunde Russlands. Herausgegeben von C. Röttger. Jahrg. 10. Hft. 11. St. Petersburg: Schmitzdorff. London: Siegle.

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